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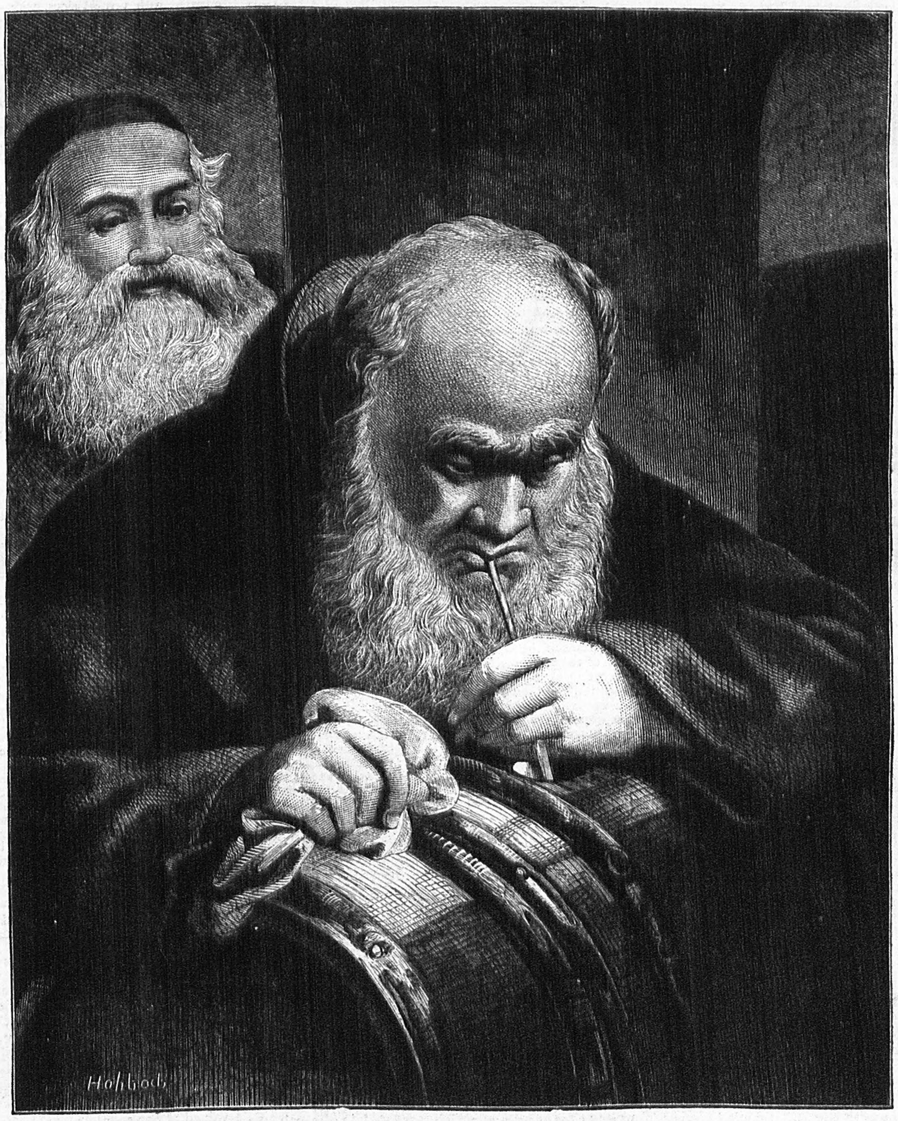


THE SECRET SOURCE.

PICTURES ON ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

DARTMOUTH.

LOOK at that charming picture on page 421. It is the mouth of the River Dart. The artist has done his best with it, and has given us a delightful sketch; but what pencil can reproduce the fair vision that breaks upon the senses of him who stands upon those heights and gazes upon the waters of the Dart? We know not to what the scene owes its effects. It is as if the spell of a magician had been laid upon it. Water and rocks, and trees, and green-clad hills, and brushwood, and ships have done all they can to help each other. Nothing anywhere is amiss. The sea is pellucid, transparent. It swells up between these points calmly, softly, grandly, making gentle music in little coves, and lapping the shores of the islets. Get where you have a full view of this incoming of the waters of the Dart, and you will not know how to leave the spot. It bewilders you with its beauty. It makes pictures in your brain to remain there all your days.

The spot chosen, however, is but an item. Outside or inside the harbour made by these headlands is equally distracting, greatly as the scenes vary as we change our position. Our artist set down his easel at the spot where the waters run narrow and deep. The vessel, after running through the little straits, finds itself in a broad sweep of waters like a lovely lake. This is Dartmouth Harbour, with a town on either hand. That on the eastern shore is little more than a hamlet; it is Kingswear. That on the western side is Dartmouth. Each makes a fine picture, but the one does not at all resemble the other. There are some people who are not easily impressed by scenery, but we never knew man or woman who could resist the picture presented by Dartmouth, and the line of green country, and the breadth of waters at high tide, seen from any point near the ferry-house at Kingswear; and when the boat is taking the passenger across he seems to be afloat in fairy-land.

The town of Dartmouth is a place full of rare interest. It is as quaint as a city in Flanders. The houses and streets present every manner of old-world forms, and the people delight in old-world ways. The gables and wall-plates grin and make faces at you. Ancient pillars seem to be playing at comedy and burlesque. The first floors of shops and public buildings run on an inclined plane. Huts are marked over with indecipherable armorial bearings. Flights of steps lead from one street to another, and when you reach the upper parallel you look down the chimneys of the houses in the lower street.

From Dartmouth to the scene depicted in our sketch is a pleasant walk of about a mile, past suburban residences and by country lanes, and you very rarely lose your view of the river or the sea. Wooded paths lead down to the water's edge near the point, and to the old Castle, which occupies a place in the centre of our picture. The Castle grounds are laid out with taste by the proprietor of the old lighthouse, which has been recently converted into a small restaurant, welcome indeed to the tourist, after his stroll and his explorations round the point.

It should be understood that the line of railway does not actually run to Dartmouth. The route is *viâ* Torquay to Kingswear, which occupies the background of our picture. There the line terminates, near the water's edge, but the railway company provide a steamboat to take passengers across the ferry to Dartmouth, the charge for which is included in the fare. The hours of Dartmouth arrival and departure, to be noted in the time-bills, refer to the arrival and departure of the steamboats from the jetty; the Kingswear time must be taken for the starting and arrival of the trains. But although no train actually runs from Dartmouth direct to the main line, the circuit is always completed for the tourist during the summer months; for twice a day a steamboat runs up the Dart, twelve miles, to Totnes, and twice a day returns, and Totnes is a station on the main line. The circuit, therefore, is as follows:—You depart from the main line by the Torquay branch at Newton Abbot Junction, and travel round by Torquay and along the delightful shore of Torbay, to Kingswear; there take the ferry to Dartmouth; and thence ride by steamboat to Totnes—or perform the whole circuit in reverse. That is a mere matter-of-fact explanation. But what ought we not to say to the stranger of the delights of the journey? Leaving behind us, as a matter in some measure disposed of last week, the charms of Torbay, to be seen as the train runs by, we refer now only to the trip by steamboat up the Dart, and we say we do not know anything to match it for sweet, placid, and ever-changing beauty. The river is as a succession of lakes, with wooded lands running everywhere to the water's edge, and glorious rifts and peeps of green country, and noble parks. There is never a break in the charm from the first mile to the last, and the only grief is that the hour or hour-and-a-half's journey does not last all day. It ought to be noted that these steamboats do not run at a regular and fixed hour each day like the trains, but are governed by the tide. The local railway penny guide books, however, to be purchased at any station, contain a table of the hours of starting every day for the month.

It is hardly necessary to say that Totnes itself is a place of considerable historic and antiquarian interest; it is in some respects picturesque, and is surrounded by pleasant walks. From Totnes it is but an hour's ride by road to Ashburton, on the edge of Dartmoor, and from Ashburton one may pursue for miles upwards the glorious scenery of the upper Dart, where it runs narrow and swift over mossy boulders, now between sweet green banks, now at the bottom of a cleft in mighty, precipitous rocks, and now adown the sides of the granite tors of the Moor.

Not relying wholly upon our own recollections, we cull from our constant friend Murray a few extracts illustrative of the scenery and interest of the locality in which our picture of this week is taken. Of Dartmouth he says:—

> Like Totnes, Dartmouth is extremely old, and as interesting for that reason as for the beauty of its position. It is built in terraces upon the shore of a romantic harbour and lake-like expanse completely landlocked, opening to the sea by a narrow channel, and encompassed by steeply shelving hills of from 300 to 400 feet in elevation. . . . Dartmouth has many historic associations. A portion of the Crusaders' fleet, under Cœur-de-Lion, assembled in its harbour in 1190. Off the Start Point they encountered a great storm, and were saved by St. Thomas of Canterbury, who descended on the mast of the leading ship, burning like fire. . . . . In 1377 Dartmouth was destroyed by the French, who in that year swept our shores from Rye to Plymouth. In 1403 it returned the visit of the Frenchmen, when, Du Chastel having a second time destroyed Plymouth, Dartmouth combined with that town in ravaging the coast of France, burning and sinking forty of the enemy's ships. In 1404 the French in their turn sought revenge. Du Chastel again descended upon Dartmouth, but the expedition was this time so roughly received as to be compelled to draw off with the loss of 400 killed and 200 prisoners, including Du Chastel himself.

The following interesting fact with respect to the mouth of the Dart is well worth remembering while one is looking upon the scene sketched by our artist:—

> The round tower of the Castle is now a magazine, but formerly, no doubt, received the iron chain which was stretched as a defence across the mouth of the harbour, and was here drawn tight by a capstan. That this was its use has been made apparent by the discovery in the wall of the ground floor of a large wooden bolster or roller, which was evidently intended to ease the chain as it passed through the wall. On the opposite shore a groove in the rock clearly was scooped out for the reception of the chain.

Of the steamboat trip on the Dart, in this instance taken downwards, there is a full topographical description, which we extract almost bodily:—

> The river pursues a course among shelving hills and woods, but the great charm of the scenery lies in the vagaries of the stream, which is whimsically deflected, and twists and doubles as if determined to push a passage where nature had denied one. Hence the river has the appearance of a string of lakes, an illusory effect well seen from a hill at Sharpham, from which no less than ten distinct sheets of water are in view, each apparently isolated and land-locked. The voyager, having started from Totnes, glides swiftly with the stream, soon sweeping to the left in full view of Sharpham, where the hills lie intermingled, as if to oppose a further progress, and the river begins its beautiful convolutions. The traveller has barely time for an admiring glance backward at the church tower of Totnes before a sudden turn to the right displays one of the most striking reaches of the river, apparently closed at the further end by dense masses of wood. The hills, however, soon open on the left, and the boat enters another glistening sheet of water, bounded on the right by a crescent of trees, so grand in its proportions as to claim an interesting place in the traveller's reminiscences. It is further remarkable as containing one of the largest heronries in the county, and as haunted by an echo, which the stranger must not fail to salute. From this reach the voyager again turns to the right, and then to the left, opening a long vista of the river, which expands at the end to a spacious basin, presenting at high water the appearance of a bay. In this reach will be observed on the left the village of Stoke Gabriel, the woods of Maisonette, Sandridge, and Waddeton Court. At the edge of the right bank, nearly opposite Sandridge, the liveliest echo on the river will be found among some trees. In the next reach, which bends to the right, the stream contracts, and lofty ridges bound it on each side; the village of Dittisham, famous for plums, and the woods of Greenway, once a seat of Sir Walter Raleigh, adorning the shores. At the narrowest part, in the middle of the stream, a rock called the Anchor Stone is visible at low water, and rises abruptly from a depth of more than ten fathoms. It was on this rock, according to the legend, that Raleigh was in the habit of smoking his pipe. The voyager, having yassed the Anchor Stone, feels the breeze of the sea, and, skirting the slopes of Mount Boone, in a few minutes reaches Dartmouth.

AN EXCURSION FROM EXETER OR DAWLISH.

Some of our tourist friends will make a stay at Exeter, and some will enjoy a few days at the sea-side in the charming little town of Dawlish. Within an easy ride of an hour and a half from either of those places a visit may be paid to Chudleigh Rock, one of the many "lions" of the district which no stranger ought to neglect. Some few years ago we journeyed to Chudleigh by road from Exeter with a party of gentlemen and ladies, members, and associated with members, of the Exeter Naturalists' Club. From a description of the trip, and of the beauties and wonders of Chudleigh Rock, which we wrote at the time, and which appeared in the columns of the *Exeter Gazette*, we will set down here an extract or two by way of informing tourists of the attractions of such an excursion:—

> We assembled at the Exeter and Devon Albert Memorial Museum, and set out on our journey in waggonettes. The interest of the day may be said to have begun as soon as we were fairly on our way. The intellectual range of a club of naturalists is a wide one, extending not merely to fauna and flora, but to all the natural and artificial phenomena of life. The journey from Exeter to Chudleigh by the turnpike-road affords much material for remark, topographical, historical, traditional, biographical, and genealogical, as well as scientific, and there were those of the party able to inform their companions on every point that arose upon the landscape at each turn of the road. It is the happy characteristic of the formation of the greater part of the surface of this county to be constantly presenting itself in panoramic scenes of wide range, and it is the peculiarity of the western atmosphere in fair weather to render the distant and diminishing details of the view as clearly marked and definite as those in the foreground. Hence a ten-mile journey in Devonshire affords such a gallery of pictures as would weary the spectator if they were unrolled before him upon canvas, suggesting, to those who are acquainted with the country, records and reminiscences more voluminous than a lecturer could crowd into many lectures; but the freshness of nature herself, and the unelaborated items of information and recollections which spring up as actual field and park, church and homestead, rock and ruin move by, never tire the spectator or the listener. It would be trite to enumerate the views which may be witnessed in passing along the turnpike-road through Alphington, Shillingford, and over Haldon to Chudleigh, but Devonians far from home will delight to picture to themselves the changing landscape of village and wood, orchard and garden, green lawns dipping and rising in front of white Italian villas, the yellow expanse of heath, and the bare, hard lines in the distance of the looming mountainous region which dwarfs the nearer and more fertile hills, and they will follow with a keen interest the route of the Exeter naturalists on this pleasant September afternoon from the old city to Chudleigh, and figure to themselves the Exonian devotees of science boxing butterflies and other winged insects, illustrative of the varying character of hill and vale on the route.
>
> The greater part of the afternoon was, of course, spent in exploring the heights and depths, the wild, the picturesque, the mysterious and wondrous features of Chudleigh Rock. It is but five minutes' walk from the centre of the town—a huge and marvellous phenomenon in limestone—towering at points to a great height, with terrific rifts in it, and caverns and quarries, with vertical sides, with dells, and mossy, secluded waterfalls, overhung by trees, with difficult and rugged paths up the steep sides and along the ledges. After a glance at the external aspect of the broken sides of carboniferous limestone, facing in the direction of the public road, which shows now a broad patch of bare blue or grey rock, now an overgrowth of grass and moss, and now a knot of trees or brushwood, the party repaired to the stalactite cavern, preparation having been made for the visitors. Some two or three scores of candles fixed at various points, high and low, upon the cold sides of the cavern, illuminated the interior. The excursionists made their way through the different passes, the ladies being especially enthusiastic in exploring the cave to its farthest limits. The rift is lofty, and bears some dim resemblance to the interior of an ancient cathedral of Normandy. A constant surface of water glitters on the furrowed walls, for ever forming a fresh crystal face upon the rock, softening its myriad outlines, so that the whole grand old aisle looks as though it were moulded to its present weird, mysterious, and romantic form. In these wonderful walls, shaped and adorned by nature, the architect might surely find some hints in the elaboration of new designs in ornamentation. Not far from this is the great cavern, whose entrance is half way down the face of the rock on the opposite side. It is far wider and more extensive than the last, opening into large chambers, with peeps of the open air at its extremities. These wonders of natural formation are intensely interesting in themselves, for the strange scenes they present and the speculations which they suggest; but when we are informed that under the narrow and rocky floor on which we tread in exploring them are found the bones of hyenas and wolves, and that at another level are discovered indications of the cave having been the dwelling-place of ancient Britons, these curious fluted walls, unaltered in thousands of years, seem to join the past and present together in the mind, and to make all the ages that have passed, and the civilisation our race has gone through, appear but a very brief story. Over the mouth of the cavern the rock rises precipitously, and is climbed with difficulty, but the summit, when it is reached, repays for ten times the labour. The country that spreads out on all sides below forms a glorious picture never to be forgotten. The steep sides of the valleys near the glen are clothed with the leafy tops and branches of close growing trees like a thick layer of dark moss; the green uplands with the western sun glinting upon them, by their fresh hue and soft looking surface, convey a sensation, when the eye rests upon them, like a draught of pure water to a thirsty man. So beautifully is the country wooded, so fertile are its cultivated fields, so extensive is the range of sight, so fair the formation of vale and curve, and so various the scene, beginning in rock and passing over village and park, and across hill-lines to bare cloudy mountain-moors in the distance, that it is doubtful if even in Devonshire a finer point of view could be found. From the top of the rock the party descended by perilous paths to the dell, where the water rushes in a torrent from a fissure over great boulders to the bottom of the glen, forming a foaming water-fall, making pleasant music as it breaks along its rough passage. The spot is strangely beautiful, for the rocks rise quickly on each side of the turbid little stream, and tall, slender, graceful trees rise from the ledges, and meet and intertwine over the vale, so that the sunlight finds its way only by grace of the transparency of the leafage—a lovely pale arch of green to look up to as we stand upon the bits of water-washed rock below. A company of excursionists out for an afternoon in September cannot hope to see and enjoy all that is worth their time about Chudleigh Rock, and they can only threaten, as they depart, to take an early opportunity in another season of pic-nicking on the fair slopes looking down upon the glen.

THE analysis of the stomach of James Renforth has been completed. The analysts have failed to discover any traces of poison. They found the heart healthy; and, after a careful investigation, they have come to the conclusion that death resulted from natural causes.

DURING last week, especially the latter part of it, there was a great falling off in the produce of the salmon fishings in the Tweed.

THE business portion of Puerta Plata was destroyed by fire on the 21st of August. The loss of property is valued at 800,000 dols.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Weak Stomachs.—The wisest cannot enumerate one tithe of the distressing symptoms arising from enfeebled digestion, all of which may be readily dispelled by these admirable Pills. They remove all unpleasant tastes from the mouth, as also flatulency and constipation. Holloway's Pills rouse the stomach, liver, and every other organ to that healthy tone of digestion which fully enables the stomach to convert all food and drink to the nourishment of the body. Hence these Pills are the surest strengtheners and the safest restoratives in nervousness, wasting, and chronic debility. Holloway's Pills are infallible remedies for impaired appetite, eructations, and a multitude of other disagreeable symptoms, which render miserable the lives of thousands. Their virtues are known by all classes.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

THE LATE MR. MONTGOMERY AND MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS.

THERE is a melancholy interest in recalling incidents in the lives of those whom we have just lost. We return from the funeral ceremony and gossip in undertones of our recollections of the departed. At first this seems a painful exercise, apt to let loose pent-up grief, but presently we find a certain renewal of cheerfulness in these reminiscences of acts and sayings and traits of character. The friend whom we shall see no more seems not so utterly taken away from us, when we begin to feel how much what we have known of him must form a part of our own mental life so long as the half of our existence shall continue to be made up, as it is, of memory.

While we are thinking sadly of the tragic end of Mr. Walter Montgomery, whose death has made gloomy the closing in of the long theatrical season of 1871, a somewhat singular train of reminiscences carries us back to a scene in a London drawing-room some six or seven years ago. Mr. Montgomery was there, discussing the chances on the stage of one of whom the world has heard something since, who had not yet made a first appearance behind the footlights. To Mr. Montgomery was given the opportunity of introducing to the boards the great-granddaughter of Mrs. Siddons. A young and charming and gifted lady, recently married, and doubly anxious to test her powers as a professional actress by reason of her desire to make an income that should render it needless for her husband to be separated from her in the pursuit of his profession, had come to London with letters of introduction to managers, but had met with only courtesy where she hoped for encouragement. The young couple were staying in a house once occupied for a time by David Garrick, and were getting low in spirits, though not to the point of actual despondency, when a chance friend recommended them to apply to Walter Montgomery, who was then completing a company for a season at Nottingham. To their friends these young people were known as Mr. and Mrs. Chanter; for Chanter (of the Chanters of Bideford, in Devonshire) was the name of the naval officer whom Miss Siddons had married, but Scott Siddons was the *nom* under which the fair descendant of the Kembles sought to win new laurels to the family. Mrs. Scott Siddons had never acted in a theatre, but she had been, like Mr. Montgomery, a devoted and untiring student of the fascinating art. At Exeter she had taken lessons in elocution of Mr. Thomas de Pomeroy, a local professor, who was also an artist, and is now a devotee of the pencil and palette in the metropolis. In private circles at Bideford and Exeter this lady had astonished her friends by the charm and vividness of her impersonations of *Juliet* and *Rosalind*, and the great promise which might be detected in her more ambitious attempts as *Lady Macbeth*. Mrs. Siddons was slight of physique, and some doubt was entertained of her power to act up to the demands of a great theatre; but the actress had no misgivings, and when, before setting out for London in search of fortune, the young couple were staying for a short time at a Devonshire watering-place, and Mrs. Siddons in early morning, before the country was stirring, tried her voice from the summits of the cliffs of Sidmouth and the hills of Sidbury to an audience of one on the sands or in the glens below, she sufficiently convinced her husband (if, indeed, he needed convincing) that her vocal gifts were equal to any emergency of the stage.

Their introductions to managers and players were about exhausted when Mr. Chanter, one autumn morning, presented himself before Mr. Montgomery. The tragedian had received a letter on the subject of this visit, but in the hurry of business he had not quite mastered its contents, for he took the gentleman for the aspirant, and seemed to look favourably on the prepossessing presence and easy bearing of his visitor. An explanation, of course, quickly followed, an appointment was made, an interview took place, and when Mrs. Siddons had repeated a portion of *Portia's* part in the "Merchant of Venice," and a passage or two from *Lady Macbeth*, Mr. Montgomery's verdict was given in something like these words: "Upon my word I don't see why you should not be a great actress." The provincial manager's engagements were, however, too far advanced to enable him to give Mrs. Siddons an engagement, but it was arranged that she should make a *débût* at Nottingham as *Portia*.

Thus it was under Mr. Montgomery's management that Mrs. Scott Siddons—undoubtedly the best *Rosalind*, and we think the cleverest *Juliet*, on the stage—began her theatrical career. She played *Portia* to a crowded house, and her *débût* was regarded as a triumph. We have seen a very interesting letter addressed by Mrs. Siddons to her instructor in elocution in Exeter, wherein she describes the sensations of her first night behind the footlights—the great mist that seemed to fill the house, yielding presently to a sea of white faces and bristling ranks of opera-glasses, the breathless silence in the great area when her turn came to speak, the miraculous encouragement of the first round of applause that followed upon the hesitating quietude. These feelings are, no doubt, common to all beginners in this walk of art; but that which struck us as singular in the lady's description of her *débût* was the unqualified manner in which she averred that she felt none of that nervousness or trepidation which leads to the terror of—or the actual catastrophe of—a break down. She felt perfectly collected and full of assurance in her novel position, and when she was told, after the first scene, that she had not made herself sufficiently well heard in all parts of the house, and this shortcoming was attributed to nervousness, she explained the defect by saying she had pitched her voice advisedly, in accordance, as she thought, with a rehearsal in the empty house, and when she found she had miscalculated the demand made upon her voice she immediately adopted a louder tone, and was well heard from that point till the end of the piece.

Since then great triumphs have been achieved on the stage of the New World both by Mr. Montgomery and Mrs. Scott Siddons. It will carry grief to many a lover of the drama thousands upon thousands of miles from London to learn that one of these artistes is no more. Mrs. Siddons recently left the United States. Mr. Montgomery was about to make another journey thither when this terrible fate overtook him.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Do not trust to mere observation if you wish to know the real characters and habits of life of the people in the country whom you come across in your tourist rambles. Appearances are deceptive. From a few facts we must not draw broad inferences. It is quite true, for instance, that some people in quiet corners of the land lead a very stationary existence. There are thousands of able-bodied men and women living within two hours' walk of the sea who have never looked upon the ocean waves. We have known villagers dwelling close to a line of Midland Counties Railway, within twenty minutes' run of the capital of that part of England, who have grown old in their parish and not yet visited Birmingham. Hundreds of thousands of tourists have travelled half the length of this island to see Dartmoor, but there are inhabitants in Okehampton and Ashburton, on the very edge of the Moor, whose curiosity has never induced them to penetrate that wild and wonderful region of solitude. Even in London some residents there are, both on the South and on the North, who have never crossed the Thames, and in the anti-match-tax demonstration of a few weeks ago it was evident that a considerable number of the denizens of Bethnal Green had not previously seen the Thames Embankment, and did not know the way to Westminster Palace.

All this is very well understood. We have got used to the class of facts, and expect them. That which now is more likely to surprise us is phenomena of an exactly opposite character, and therefore it is that we counsel cautiousness in the making of inferences. It happened to us a few days ago to light upon a remote rural cottage, far from the abodes of men or the traffic of the world. It must be very seldom that any human being passes that way. The sea runs close by, but never a harbour is there for craft of any sort. The railway comes to a dead stop many miles short of the spot. None of the influences which move great populations seem likely to reach this lonely dwelling, and the thought that runs through our mind as we watch the house, and the coming and going of the aged housewife, is very much to the effect that here indeed are seclusion and as little knowledge as may possibly be of the towns and districts and counties outside the line of an hour or two's ramble. But all our speculation is amiss. In the heat of the day we partake of the old lady's proffered hospitality in the shape of a draught of cold and unadulterated milk, and, *apropos* of a portrait in her parlour, she tells us the story of her family. Four of her children are married, of whom two are in Australia, one in Canada, and the fourth is now seeking a living somewhere in that neighbourhood, having returned recently from a distant land where he had sought his fortune in vain.

So the picture of life is reversed, and so we have a roving as well as an immovable population.

BIOLOGY AT BIDEFORD.

We cannot tell what sort of reception the people of Bideford, in North Devon, would have given to the theory of the introduction of animal life upon this planet by means of meteoric stones tumbling out of the tails of comets, expounded by Sir William Thomson at the recent meeting of the British Association; nor is it for us to say whether they would listen with courteous silence to the Darwinian doctrines of Professor Huxley; but they appear to have been delighted with the rather opposite creed laid down by the Rev. Canon Kingsley at the late meeting of the Devonshire Association. Professor Kingsley, it is pretty generally known by this time, strongly protested against the hypothesis that man is descended from mere animals. He believes rather that we have fallen off from an original high state of civilisation, than that we have developed either from monkeys or savages. This expression of opinion was loudly and repeatedly applauded, and, it is curious to observe, so was his confession of faith in the vast antiquity of our race. We quote the following observations of what took place, during the delivery of portions of this remarkable address, from the *Western Daily Mercury*:—

> Two incidents worthy of mention occurred during the delivery of the address. The Canon's boldness in asserting his full belief in the immense antiquity of the race called forth quite a demonstration. Expressing his belief that man's civilisation had risen and fallen during that immense period, he sought proof by reference to modern experience. "Undeniably," he said, "the facts show that degradation in mankind is as easy and as common as progress. Are not all the philanthropists in the world working day and night to prevent the facts spreading and breeding by natural laws, and so ruining society?" The truth and the aptness of the remark to his argument, which it seemed to clinch, led the audience to applaud quite enthusiastically, whereupon the Canon said, "It's nothing to clap at; I'm not proud of it, if you are." Whereat, of course, there was more applause.

As an example of the sort of criticism which has befallen the learned Canon's argument, we quote the following from the editorial columns of the *Exeter Flying Post*:—

> Professor Kingsley declares himself to be a disciple of Bishop Berkeley. Now, what were Bishop Berkeley's doctrines? He propounded, with more completeness than any other philosopher before or after him, that *this world does not exist*. Berkeley never faltered for a moment in his theory, was never inconsistent, and never shrank from any of the consequences of his argument. He said that these houses, these trees and fields, the oceans and seas and mountains, the animals around us—all the sights and sounds of nature, and all the appearances and phenomena of man's workmanship—are nothing but ideas existing in our minds; they are not real things. Shut your eyes, and the landscape is forthwith blotted out of being, unless there is some other person looking upon the scene, and then it exists only as an idea in that other person's mind. God, by wondrous ways of His own, quite beyond our comprehension, paints these pictures in our eyes, gives us what appear to be crops and herds of oxen for our food, makes for us this dream of Devonshire, of England, of Europe, of sun and moon and planetary systems, and infinite space; but they are none of them real. Nothing actually exists but God and the human soul. Such, too, is Professor Kingsley's faith; for he has told us in simple, unqualified language that he is a disciple of Berkeley; and what we have tried to explain is what every man means who says he is a disciple of Berkeley. Does not this afford an explanation of what seemed inconsequent, and what seemed incomplete, in Canon Kingsley's theory? What cares he for the *physical* origin of man? Why should he, in considering this transcendent question of the existence and history of the human mind, trouble himself with the mere physiological and anatomical problem? What matters it to him "if the descent of our mortal bodies may be traced through an ascending series from some glutinous organism on the rocks of the primeval ocean"? What he watches with intense interest is the human soul, which he believes to have been great and noble from the first.

We fear the above passage must have rather startled some of the amiable ladies and gentlemen who applauded Canon Kingsley's philosophy of biology at Bideford. While they are sympathising with him in his doctrine of the descent of man from a higher original state, are they prepared to follow him into the ideal world, and to believe with him that matter does not exist?

POOR RELIEF.

There is a doctor in Lancashire who seems to have formed an idea of out-door pauper relief which we have no doubt will be very much appreciated by the destitute class of widows, aged, and sick who eke out their small earnings by the aid of a parish allowance. The following paragraph, from a report of the proceedings of the Nantwich Board of Guardians, speaks for itself:—

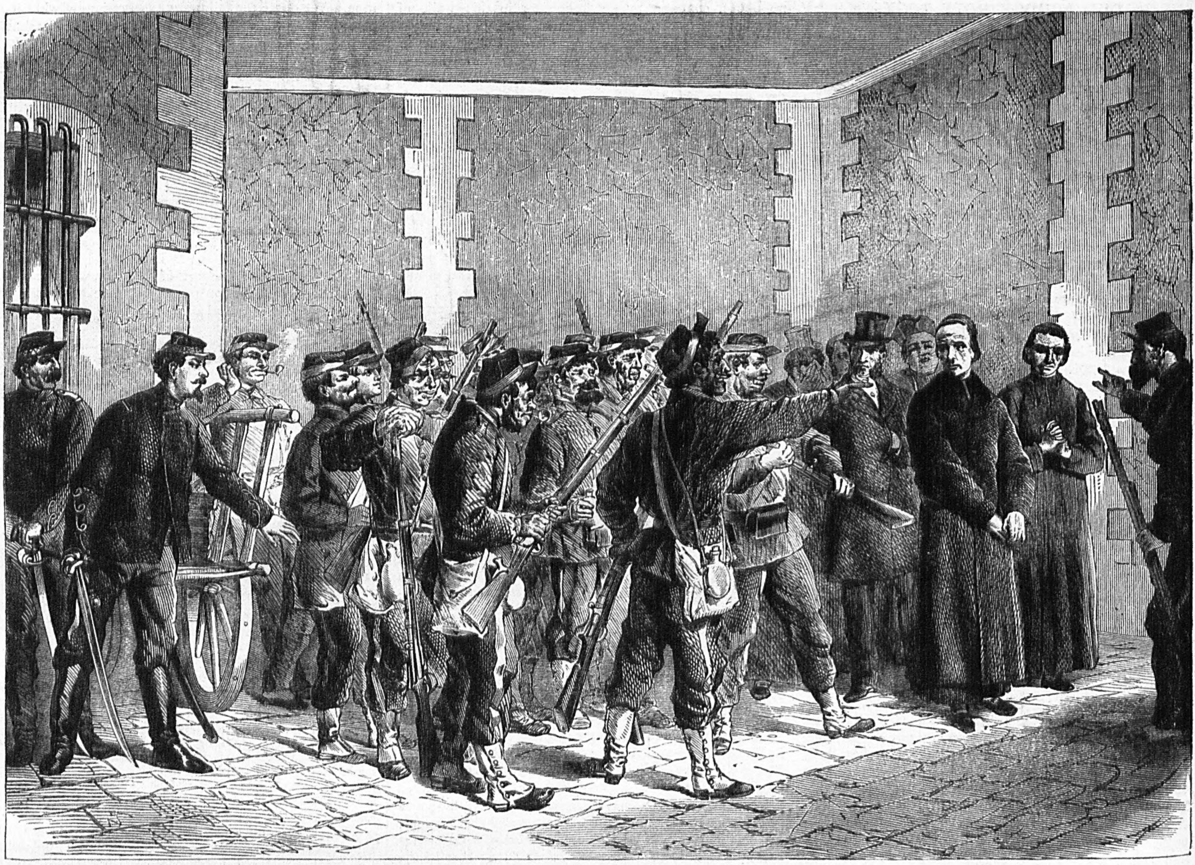
> The Chairman said there was a matter which he thought ought to be brought before the Board; it had been mentioned to him by Mr. Dutton. The Board gave certain allowances to people who came before them for out-door relief. One of the doctors, it appeared, had stated that he gave porter in some cases in which he considered the Board gave too little relief in money. He (the Chairman) should imagine that the duty of the doctor was to give porter when he considered it necessary for the health of the person, and not as an increase of the amount allowed. He thought their clerk should draw the attention of the doctor to that, and if he stated that he still thought he was entitled to do so, they should at once appeal to the Poor Law Board.

The difficulty that strikes us as likely to arise in this matter is one of definition. The poor creatures who are permitted to receive out-door relief are, mostly, either invalids or hovering on the verge of perennial sickness, and Who but the doctor can say whether or not they want porter? And who can tell whether the porter is needed by reason of the patients' ailments, or because of the scanty amount of their food? It will probably be found necessary to leave this matter to the discretion of the medical man, but he should show his discretion by not talking to the guardians about his motives in prescribing porter.

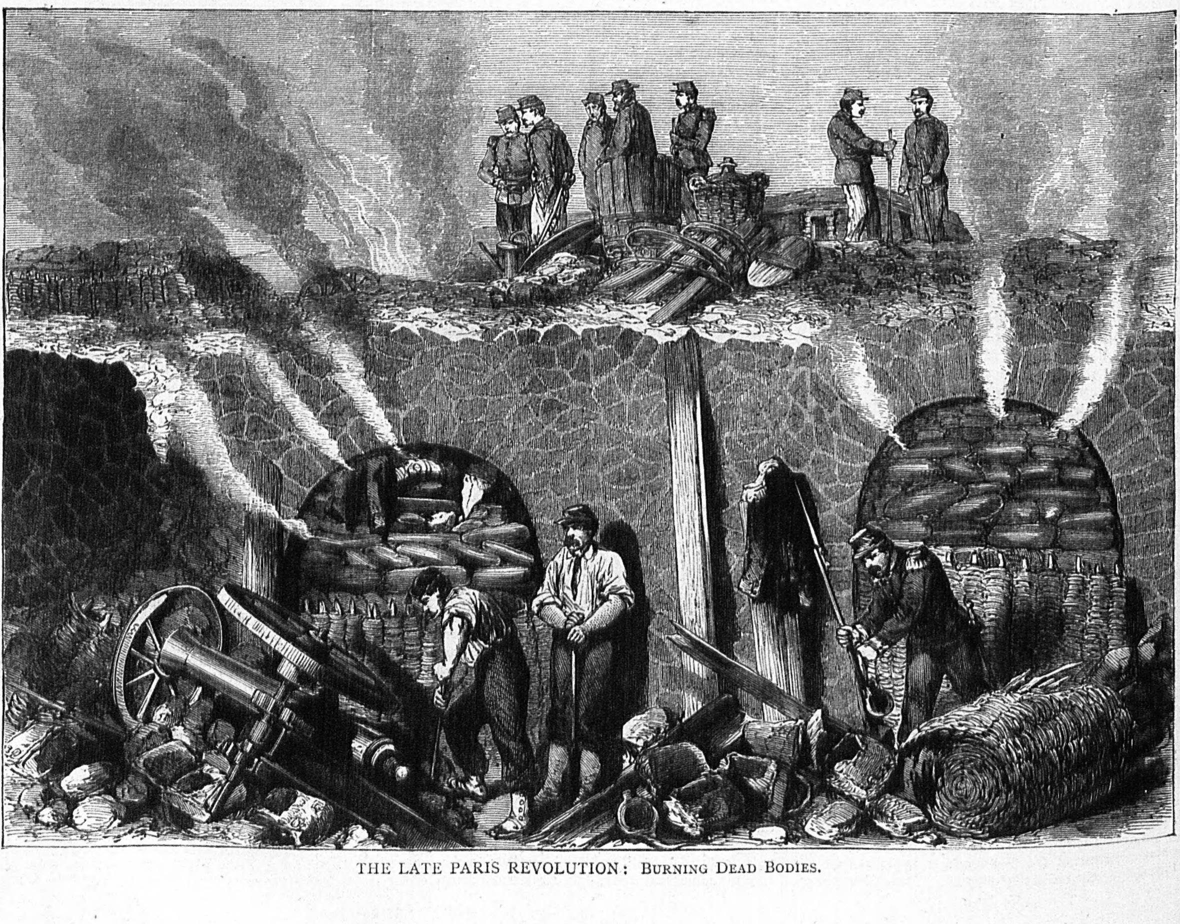
THE following telegram appeared in the *New York Herald* of the 22nd ult.:—"One of the members of the Canadian Cabinet, at present at the Clifton House, states that the Dominion Government has been informed that it is the intention of the Home Government to appoint as Governor-General, in place of Lord Lisgar, who goes home in a few weeks, the Marquis of Lorne. In communicating this, the Home Government has instructed that every courtesy that is paid to a member of the Royal family be shown by the Dominion authorities to the Marquis and the Princess Louise. Great preparations are being made to receive the Marquis and the Princess by the Government and the people. They are expected to arrive at Montreal early in October."

"I have one more word to say, before I close, of the Pain Killer—a most valuable medicine. I have travelled a good deal since I have been in Kansas, and never without taking a supply of it with me. I used it freely in my practice for cholera in 1849 and in 1855, and with better success than any other medicine.

"A. HUNTING, M.D.,
"*Manhattan, Kan., April*, 1866.—To Perry Davis & Son."



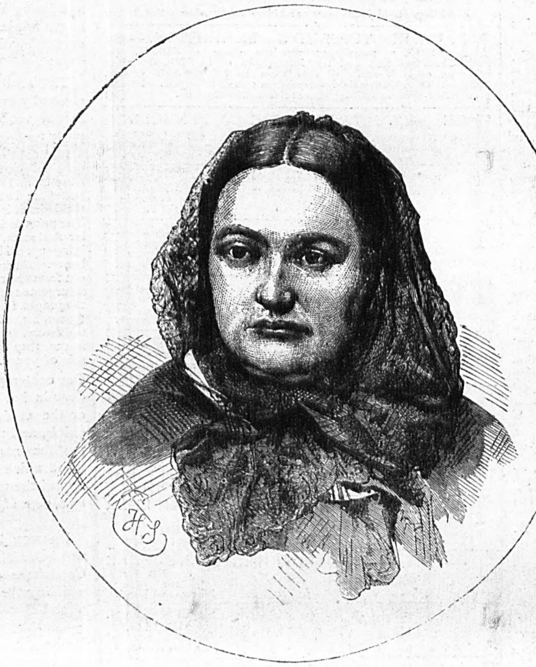
THE LATE PARIS REVOLUTION: The Last Moments of the Archbishop of Paris and his Fellow Sufferers.



THE LATE PARIS REVOLUTION: Burning Dead Bodies.

A GOVERNMENT FOR FIJI.

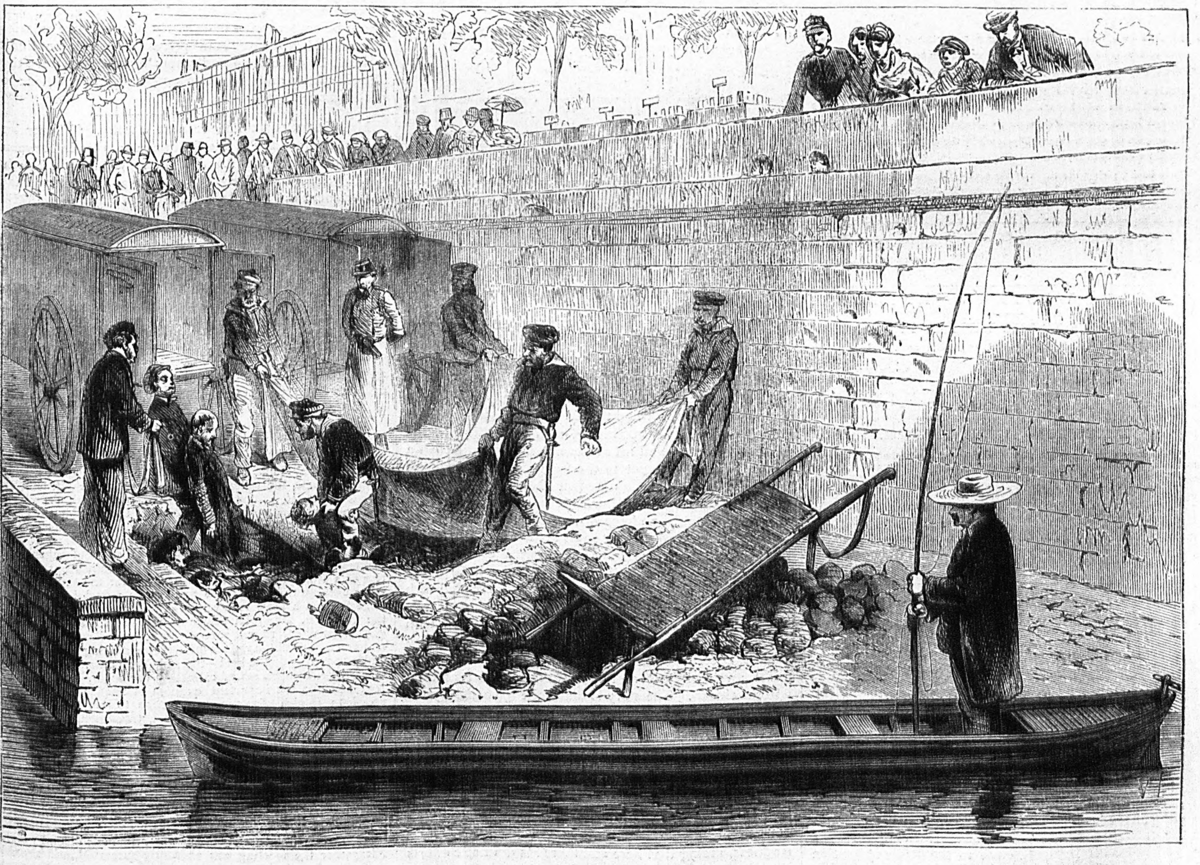
ENGLAND and America having definitively declined to grant a protectorate, another effort is being made by the European settlers of Fiji to carry out in some modified form the constitution granted by Thakombau some four years ago, when he was publicly crowned by the whites with a diadem made to order by a local carpenter. A Ministry has been formed to give effect to this constitution, which is founded on that of the Hawaiian Government. The members of the Ministry are :—Sydney Charles Burt, Premier and Minister of Finance; George Augustus Woods, Minister of Interior Affairs; John Temple Sagar, Minister of Trade and Commerce; Ratu Savanca, Minister of Native Affairs; Ratu Timoci, Minister of War and Police; and James Cobban Smith and Gustavus Hennings, "Members of the Executive Council." "On the 5th June," says the *Fiji Times*, "the principal chiefs and the foreign residents were invited by the King to hear a declaration of the policy of the Government. The place of meeting was in front of the Wesleyan Mission House, Levuka, where a platform was erected, together with a flagstaff. Seats were distributed about the ground for the public. At about three o'clock a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the *Jeanie Duncan*, Thakombau's vessel, which was decorated with flags; and shortly after a white flag (upon which was a crown, a red shield, and a bird, upon which many speculations were hazarded as to whether it was a dove or an eagle), was run up on the flagstaff; and Thakombau—at whose appearance the guard made the usual sign of obeisance by crouching down and uttering the interjection, 'Duowo!'—appeared on the platform, attended by about a dozen whites. A proclamation was then read by Mr. Drew, in which a certain constitution (framed in 1867) was referred to as the basis of the present movement; and the attention of the Government was promised to several matters of importance which were enumerated. This proclamation was then read to the chiefs and other natives in the Fijian language by Mr. W. M. Moore, interpreter. Thakombau then retired, accompanied by the other occupants of the platform, and the flag was hauled down and the guard dismissed. No sooner, however, had the platform been vacated than it was taken possession of by the whites—first by a Dr. Marshall, whom Lieutenant Woods vainly attempted to dissuade from ascending, but who persisted in doing so, backed by the crowd, which had heretofore confined itself to chaff. Speeches were then made antagonistic to the proceedings of the day, and a motion for adjournment to the reading-room the same evening was carried, when the crowd separated with three cheers for the Queen. A noisy meeting ensued, and a motion by Mr. Mercy of approval in the Government itself, but objections to the Ministers selected and the manner of nomination, was overruled by one from Dr. Ryley condemnatory of the whole. Other motions were then passed, and a committee appointed to watch the affair, and inquire into the nature and construction of the proposed constitution. Since its announcement of formation, the Ministry has been steadily at work, and seems determined to carry out its measures irrespective of the feelings or opinions of the public. A Government office has been opened, at which the new flag is daily seen floating; and several official notices and appointments, under the hand of Sydney Charles Burt, Premier, have appeared. It is said that the Hawaiian Government intends recognising the new Fijian Government.



FRAU MARIE SIMON.

THE German manufacturers will meet, as usual, next Christmas at Leipsic. The *Schlesische Zeitung* says the chief subject of their discussions will be the common measures which should be adopted in opposition to the social democratic agitation which has led the workmen in most parts of Germany to show an irreconcilable hostility to their employers. The conviction has generally spread among the manufacturers that the state of things at present existing, which, unfortunately, shows no prospect of improvement, but is getting worse day by day, will oblige them to unite in a common course of action. Although they are desirous to assist any attempt to improve the condition of the workmen which is founded on a sensible idea, and suited to local circumstances and requirements, the employers are resolved to resist to the utmost the unjust demands of the employed for disproportionately high wages, and at the same time for a reduction in the hours of work. In doing this the manufacturers will make use of the same means which the workers have employed. In the meantime the strikes are increasing.

THE great thirty-five-ton gun, commonly known as the "Woolwich Infant," has had its bore enlarged at the Royal Gun Factories of the arsenal from 11·6 inches to 12 inches, and was on Saturday conveyed to the Proof Butts in Plumstead Marshes for further trial. The removal of the gun, which was on the former occasion attended with the giving way and sinking of the railway, was in this instance accomplished without accident.



THE LATE PARIS REVOLUTION: TAKING UP THE DEAD FOR INTERMENT.

B. BARNARDO,
76, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW,
The largest Importer and Manufacturer of FURS in Scotland. [382

SMALPAGE AND SON,
43, MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON.
NEW YORK: 82, FIFTH AVENUE. [425

CARPETS AND CARPET BEATING.

MESSRS. TYLER & SON, 1, Long Acre, W.C., Contractors to Her Majesty's Government for the supply of Carpets, Linoleum, Kamptulicon, and all descriptions of floor coverings to the Royal Palaces and Public Buildings. Carpets taken up, beaten, and relaid. Lowest Cash prices. [444

THOMPSON'S KALYDOR SOAP

CONTAINS a large per-centage of GLYCERINE, in combination with other ingredients of the most emollient kind.

FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION

This Soap is invaluable. THE PERFUME IS RICH AND ENDURING. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet; and in Boxes of Three Cakes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. the Box.

FACTORY: 12, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON.
Wholesale and for Exportation. [436

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

J. & P. COATS, SEWING, TATTING, AND CROCHET COTTON MANUFACTURERS, PAISLEY.

Holders of Prize Medals awarded at the London and Paris Exhibitions for Excellence of Quality.

J. & P. COATS beg to call the attention of the Public to their IMPROVED BEST SOFT SEWING COTTON, which, with the view of more fully meeting the wants of Sewing Machines, they now make Six-Cord in all lengths from No. 10 to 100 inclusive.

The importance of this change will be more clearly understood when they state that in the Trade ordinary Soft Sewing Cotton, in all lengths, known as Six-Cord, is such to No. 40 only, being Four-Cord from 42 to 70, and Three-Cord above that number.

WHOLESALE AGENT—WILLIAM GILMOUR, 80, WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON. [377

PALESTINE, EGYPT, &c.—M. GAZE, the Originator and First Conductor of Tours to the East, will Start October 14 with his FIFTH PARTY to Egypt and the Holy Land, including a grand tour, by the Rhine and Switzerland, to Milan, Florence, Rome, Naples, &c., &c., returning for Christmas. Full particulars in *Tourist Gazette*. Offices, 163, Strand, London. [473

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

WEST OF ENGLAND ARRANGEMENTS.

TOURISTS' TICKETS,

Available for a month, renewable on payment of a small percentage,
Are issued to all the principal towns and places of interest in the West of England, including

EXETER
DAWLISH
TEIGNMOUTH
TORQUAY
DARTMOUTH
PLYMOUTH
TRURO
FALMOUTH
PENRYN, and
PENZANCE

These tickets are available by all trains, express and ordinary, except the limited mail.

Passengers may break their journey at certain specified places, and every arrangement is made to conduce to their comfort and convenience on the journey.

Carriages run through from Paddington to Penzance by certain trains, and places may be secured therein by giving a few hours' previous notice to the Superintendent at Paddington or the undersigned.

Holders of Tourists' Tickets may travel by the 11.45 a.m. Express Train from Paddington, which reaches Exeter in *four hours and a quarter*, and Plymouth in *six hours and a quarter*, without change of carriage.

Passengers for places beyond Plymouth by the 9.15 a.m. train have time allowed for dinner at Plymouth.

Time books, giving the times of the trains, the fares, and all necessary information, and Tourist programmes, may be obtained on application, free of charge.

Excursion Trains, at low fares, are run at frequent intervals.

J. GRIERSON,
General Manager.
Paddington Station. [449

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

EXCURSIONS TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

On SATURDAYS, SEPTEMBER 9th, 16th, 23rd, and 30th, an Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 7.40, Hammersmith 7.10, Kensington (Addison Road) 7.25, and Reading 8.45 a.m., for Weston-super-Mare, Clevedon, Bridgwater, Taunton, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance, and other intermediate Stations, returning on Monday week or Monday fortnight following date of departure.

EXCURSIONS TO THE SEASIDE.

On the same days Excursion Trains will leave Paddington at 1.5, Hammersmith 12.35, Kensington (Addison Road) 12.25, Uxbridge Road 12.28, and Reading 2.20 p.m., for Trowbridge, Wells, Yeovil, Dorchester, and Weymouth, returning on the following Monday week or Monday fortnight.

N.B.—Passengers by these Trains may proceed from Weymouth to Guernsey or Jersey, at Single Fares for the double journey.

For Fares and full particulars see Handbills, which can be obtained at the Company's Stations and Offices, or at Cook's Excursion Offices, 98, Fleet Street.

Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager. [467

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

On SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, a Cheap Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 3.35, and Reading 4.45 p.m., for Chippenham, Bath, and Bristol, returning on the following Tuesday.

On SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, an Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 8.45 a.m. for Taplow, Twyford, Henley-on-Thames, Reading, Pangbourne, Goring, Abingdon, and Oxford, returning the same evening.

For Fares and full particulars see Handbills.

Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager. [471

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE.

The only Hotel at this delightful watering-place that commands an uninterrupted view of the sea, making up 70 beds.

Table d'Hôte at Seven.

H. BLACKWELL, Proprietor. [462

FALMOUTH HOTEL, close to the Railway Station and Pendennis Castle, the most beautifully situated hotel in Cornwall, and replete with every comfort.

MRS. BARRATT, Manager,
(Late of the Westminster Palace Hotel). [460

OSLER'S CRYSTAL GLASS CHANDELIERS.
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
MODERATOR LAMPS and LAMPS FOR INDIA.
LONDON Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.
BIRMINGHAM Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad Street. [374

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—On VIEW, a magnificent marriage group of H.R.H. the PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE, the attire being an exact facsimile of that worn in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Open (during the holidays) from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. Passengers by Metropolitan Railway stop at Baker Street Station. [445

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Imparts Strength to the Wrist and Forearm.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Will prevent Cramp in the Fingers.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Imparts Firmness to the Wrist.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Prevents Stiffness in the Joints of the Fingers.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Will give freedom and Elasticity to the Hand.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Keeps the Wrist and Hand firm.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Will prevent the Hand and Fingers from shaking.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Will keep your Hand and Wrist strong and firm.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Steadies the Fingers and Hand.

FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS. Only 1s. 6d. each box, with 1 doz. Pens.

ISAAC JACOBS, Sole Inventor and Patentee,
153, Fleet Street,
LONDON, E.C. [435

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COMMUNICATIONS for the Publisher should be addressed to 102, Fleet-street, London, E.C. All letters for the Editor must be addressed "Editor, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 72, Turnmill-street, London, E.C."

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⁂ ADVERTISEMENTS cannot be received after 12 o'clock on Wednesdays.

THE Paper will be delivered to the Public by any News-agent in London or the Country, at 13s. a year; or free by post from London for 15s., prepaid.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 9, 1871.

THE suicide of MR. WALTER MONTGOMERY is the saddest incident of the week. Heaven only knows how many another overwrought brain may be tottering on a similar abyss. The majority of men struggling in the paths of literature and art are overworked. It is such a tremendous fight to get to the front; so many men are trying to get there. WALTER MONTGOMERY was ambitious of success—a laudable passion, and without which there can be no hope of victory; but success may be bought too dearly. The actor set himself too great a task, and the worn mind was unhinged by overwork, without the reward of toil. There can be little doubt that the failure of his Gaiety management, coupled with the physical strain and excitement of playing a continuous change of arduous characters, weakened both mind and body, and helped if it did not wholly bring about that sad catastrophe which has removed from our midst an intelligent and painstaking artist and an upright citizen. The story is made the gloomier by the quick and painful widowhood of a lady whom he had married only a few days before his death. We deeply commiserate her position. It is equal in tragic pathos to any story told in the mimic drama of life. She will have universal sympathy. Many a dramatic critic will wish some things unsaid now that the object of his satire is no more. We do not for a moment think that adverse criticism hastened WALTER MONTGOMERY'S madness, seeing that here and there his dramatic efforts were enthusiastically commended; but his story may serve to make men careful to be generous as well as just in the manner of their condemnation.

THE horse incidents of the autumn manœuvres may be taken as among many small items of army inefficiency. With our ships sinking and our army taking a month to prepare for the test of "a sudden emergency," and losing in the preliminary stages as many horses as might fall in a serious skirmish, England does not look over safe, whatever she may be in reality.

THE sentences of the Commune leaders in France are generally regarded as too lenient. The *Standard* sees in the verdicts a temporising with the Communistic party:—

> Had not the dupes of these men been shot down by thousands, were not some 20,000 of their victims still waiting for vessels to carry them to a penal colony, we should be mute under their sentence; but when such ruthless punishment was meted out to the dupes it is a gross miscarriage of justice to spare the leaders. The unsettled state of France can alone account for these singular sentences. No one knows what a turn of the wheel may bring up. The men judged to-day may be judges a week hence. During the reign of Gambetta, M. Cremieux turned out from their seats on the bench the judges who had sentenced insurgents twenty years back; and it is more than possible that the judges in the court-martial, while deciding upon the sentences, had, like the steward of old, a vague look out towards the future, and a desire to make friends among the other party in case they themselves should be some day no longer upon the side of power.

Our contemporary forgets that the first executions were done in hot blood, many without the prelude of a trial or the semblance of inquiry. The death of the two chiefs, and the living death of the others, are terrible punishments after all. After so terrible a march of blood which France has seen, we are rather inclined to regard the result of the trials of the Communist prisoners as a sign of an improved feeling.

FRANCE is true to her art traditions. Despite the war indemnity and other financial burdens, the Budget Committee of the Assembly has reported in favour of granting the following theatrical subventions:—To the Grand Opéra, 600,000f.; to the Théâtre Français, 240,000f.; to the Opéra Comique, 100,000f.; to the Italiens, 100,000f.; and to the Odéon, 60,000f. These are heavy reductions on former allowances; but they nevertheless represent a handsome encouragement of art. The *Telegraph* contrasts this with the drama in England, and asks if we could spare £25,000 a year for the subvention of a national theatre. And the editor asks if the Government were inclined to do so, whether the questions would not be asked "Where is your national theatre? Where are your good actors and actresses who would generously co-operate with the management in improving the public taste, and who would be content with moderately remunerative salaries instead of demanding 'star' prices?" We do not think it would be difficult to find actors or actresses were the French system adopted, securing permanent positions to our leading players.

MR. GLADSTONE has been at Whitby. We wonder if he met there any of the fishermen who trade between that place and the Land's End. We met a North Country M.P. not long ago, who was lamenting that Government did not do something to improve the little bays and fishing stations on that wild coast. He instanced Mousehole for example, and pointed out what great good might be achieved for two or three thousand pounds. This was the same gentleman who some years ago hoped that some good might come out of MR. GLADSTONE'S visit to the north-east coast, in the shape of a ministerial view of the desirability of a harbour of refuge in that locality. But our legislators seem too much occupied with their own personal ambition and party aggrandisement to pay attention to practical legislation and the development of national resources.

BEET-ROOT SUGAR.

WE take the following from the *Stamford Mercury*:—

> Messrs. Baruchson, Marteneau, and Tait, gentlemen largely connected with the sugar trade, accompanied by Mr. Gill, an eminent chemist, visited Long Sutton on the 24th ult. with a view of ascertaining the capabilities of the district to grow sugar beet of suitable quality for the profitable manufacture of sugar. They were conducted round the neighbourhood by Mr. John Clarke, and minutely examined soils, crops of sugar beet and mangels, the water, roads, and general facilities for the erection of a factory. All were satisfactory; but the soils and the sugar beet are to be analysed previous to a final decision. In the afternoon a large and very interesting meeting was held at the Bull Inn, Mr. John Algernon Clarke in the chair. The gentlemen above named severally, and in a clear and explicit manner, explained the various matters appertaining to the culture and preparation of the beet—the soil, the water, the facilities of carriage, the process of extracting the sugar, its sale, &c., &c., and also the important question of finance. They proposed to furnish £20,000 to £25,000 to erect and carry on the works, provided the farmers, tradesmen, and others of the district would take shares to the extent of £5,000 as a guarantee that the beet-root should be grown for the use of the factory. A long and highly satisfactory discussion followed, in which Messrs. G. Prest, J. G. Hobson, C. Derry, Walter Naylor, William Naylor, George Fletcher, John Clarke, the Chairman, and others took part. Mr. Dykes, of the Great Northern Railway, attended, and offered a "siding" wherever it might be required; and Mr. Chappel, contractor, of Holbeach, showed the facilities for obtaining water from any distant point. Altogether the meeting was eminently successful, and should the soil and roots prove suitable, there is every probability that the factory will be erected at Long Sutton—thus adding another agricultural industry and source of profit to the district. On the following day R. W. Johnson, Esq., another advocate for the

establishment of sugar factories in the kingdom, visited Long Sutton, with the like view of ascertaining the facilities of the district. He was much pleased with the town and neighbourhood; and, notwithstanding the above meeting had taken place, desired that a correspondence might be kept open with him.

This question of the growth of beet-root in England with a view to its manufacture into sugar has been discussed over and over again in these columns. Mr. Johnson was the first to bring the subject practically before the farmers of the Midland Counties in a pamphlet which was the result of tours which he had made through France, Germany, and Russia. The other day a company was projected for the purpose of carrying out the idea on a large scale. The agricultural press and the leading newspapers generally approved of the scheme. The weak point to our mind in the prospectus was leaving the question of locality for the factory an open one. Nevertheless, the public came forward with a subscription of £25,000. The company wanted £75,000, and, strong in the consciousness of a national philanthropy in their desire to introduce a new and important industry, they returned the cheques of their supporters, and withdrew from the project. These are the same gentlemen whose names appear in the above paragraph. Mr. Johnson, we believe, has almost completed his arrangements for an independent factory. As the founder of the most successful railway carriage works in the world, Mr. Johnson is in every way qualified to extend the new industry which has been inaugurated on a small though profitable scale at Lavenham. We cannot imagine that there can be any difficulty in the way of a general support of the schemes of these gentlemen, and more particularly with money at its present price. If we were living under a paternal government the State would consider it a duty to support the development of an industry which must largely increase the wealth and prosperity of the kingdom. Mr. Johnson is making a tour through all the districts which offer special facilities for the growth of sugar beet. He will confer a lasting boon upon the locality which he may finally select for his operations.

DREAM WORKERS.

THOSE cases in which the brain is hard at work during sleep instead of being totally oblivious of everything may be called either dreaming or somnambulism, according to the mode in which the activity displays itself. Many of them are full of interest. Some men have done really hard mental work while asleep. Condorcet finished a train of calculations in his sleep which had puzzled him during the day. In 1856 a collegian noticed the peculiarities of a fellow student who was rather stupid than otherwise during his waking hours, but who got through some excellent work in geometry and algebra during sleep. Condillac and Franklin both worked correctly during some of their sleeping hours.

The work done partakes in many cases more of the nature of imaginative composition than of scientific calculation. Thus, a stanza of excellent verse is in print, which Sir John Herschel is said to have composed while asleep, and to have recollected when he awoke. Goethe often set down on paper during the day thoughts and ideas which had presented themselves to him during sleep on the preceding night. A gentleman one night dreamed that he was playing an entirely new game of cards with three friends; when he awoke, the structure and rules of the new game, as created in the dream, came one by one into his memory; and he found them so ingenious that he afterwards frequently played the game. Coleridge is said to have composed his fragment of "Kubla Khan" during sleep. He had one evening been reading Purchas's "Pilgrim;" some of the romantic incidents struck his fancy; he went to sleep, and his busy brain composed "Kubla Khan." When he awoke in the morning he wrote out what his mind had invented in sleep, until interrupted by a visitor, with whom he conversed for an hour on business matters; but alas! he could never again recall the thread of the story, and "Kubla Khan" remains a fragment. Dr. Good mentions the case of a gentleman who in his sleep composed an ode in six stanzas, and set it to music. Tartini, the celebrated Italian violinist, one night dreamed that the devil appeared to him, challenged him to a trial of skill on the fiddle and played a piece wonderful for its beauty and difficulty; when Tartini woke, he could not remember the exact notes, but he could produce the general character of the music, which he did, in a composition ever since known as the "Devil's Sonata." Lord Thurlow, when a youth at college, found himself one evening unable to finish a piece of Latin composition which he had undertaken; he went to bed full of the subject, fell asleep, finished his Latin in his sleep, remembered it next morning, and was complimented on the felicitous form which it presented.

Still more curious, however, are those instances in which the sleeper, after composing or speculating, gets up in a state of somnambulism, writes the words on paper, goes to bed and to sleep again, and knows nothing about it when he wakes. Such cases, the authenticity of which is beyond dispute, point to an activity of muscles as well as of brain, and to a correctness of movement which is marvellous when we consider that the eyes are generally closed under these circumstances.

Dr. W. B. Carpenter mentions the case of a somnambulist who sat down and wrote with the utmost regularity and uniformity. "Not only were the lines well written, and at the popular distances, but the i's were dotted, and the t's crossed; and in one instance the writer went back half a line to make a correction, crossing off a word, and writing another above it, with as much caution as if he had been guided by vision." The young collegian adverted to in a former paragraph got out of bed in his sleep, lit a candle, sat down to a table, wrote his geometry and algebra, extinguished the light, and went to bed again; the lighting of the candle was a mere effect of habit, for his eyes were shut and he was really not awake. About the beginning of the present century a banker at Amsterdam requested Professor van Swinden to solve for him a calculation of a peculiar and difficult kind. The professor tried it, failed, and submitted it to ten of his pupils as a good mathematical exercise. One of them, after two or three days' work at it, went to bed one night with his mind full of the subject, and fell asleep. On waking in the morning he was astonished to find on his table sheets of paper containing the full working out of the problem in his own handwriting; he had got up in the night and done it, in his sleep and in the dark. The first French Encyclopædia narrated the case of a young ecclesiastic at Bordeaux, who was in the habit of getting out of bed in his sleep, going to a table, taking writing materials, and writing a sermon. He was often watched while doing this, and an opaque screen was cautiously placed between his eyes and the paper; but he wrote on just the same. One example of mental discrimination displayed by him was very remarkable, showing how strangely awake even the reasoning faculties may be during somnambulistic sleep. He wrote the three French words, "ce divin enfant," then changed the "divin" into "adorable;" then recognised that "ce" would not suit before an adjective commencing with a vowel; and finally changed it into "cet." On another occasion the paper on which he was writing was taken away and another sheet substituted; but he immediately perceived the change. On a third occasion he was writing music, with words underneath. The words were in rather too large a character, insomuch that the respective syllables did not stand under their proper notes. He perceived the error, blotted out the part, and wrote it carefully again; and all this without real vision, such as we ordinarily understand by the term.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

A PLACE OF PEACE.

A COUNTRY cottage and a mill! A brook singing a song of happiness! A simple, contented labourer, returning from the "alien corn!" A brown, worn meadow path edged with flowers! Tall, healthy grass flashing a pure green in the sunlight! Trees recalling Longfellow's line—"This is the forest primeval!" These are the features in our picture, "A Place of Peace." After living in London for a few years, with the everlasting stone of house and pavement, to be suddenly transported to such a place of peace, is the nearest approach to perfect earthly bliss we know of. More delightful than the finest Turkey carpet is the touch of the spongy turf, and more tempting than a silken hassock is a daisy-dotted sod under a hedge. In these days of wars and rumours of wars, of fearful accidents by flood and field, of insanity and suicide, of cracking brains and sickened hearts, of fever and famine and fast life, happy are they who can pass through the race in such a spot. Ye who live in country corners, and dream of London life and London glitter enviously, know yourselves and stay where you are. There are about four millions of souls about the metropolis already, and to walk for an hour on the Surrey side of the water will convince any of our readers that "The more the merrier" is a proverb having more sound than reason.

THE SECRET SOURCE.

There is frailty in man as well as woman, and in holy men as well as "sinners and tax-gatherers." The healthy-looking man of piety in our picture, with his fine large features, is taking in strong drink through the plug-hole of the barrel by means of a tube. This is the secret source of his occasional hilarity and the colour of his cheeks. Viewed from behind, he would seem to be at devotions, and he certainly seems to be devotionally attached to this labour of love; what his hand has found to do he is doing with all his heart and all his soul. But there is no peace for the wicked, and the sinner is betrayed, in this case on the principle that a thief will catch a thief. Yes, he is detected by his brother of holiness, who was, no doubt, coming to the barrel for a like purpose, and takes it in good part. He will forgive the erring mortal no doubt, on condition that the tube be handed over for a few minutes.

THE LATE PARIS REVOLUTION.

We this week add three pictures to our illustrations of the Paris Revolution. The first represents the Archbishop of Paris (Monseigneur Darboy) and his fellow sufferers shortly before they were executed. They are being grossly humiliated and gibed at by the Communists; but time is the avenger, and now the Reds have come to the day of trial. "We want six of the hostages, for six of our own men are lost!" Such were the words of Citizen Ferré, Delegate of General Safety, on entering the fourth division of the Prison of La Roquette, in Paris, on the evening of May 24th. Six members of the Commune, in fact, had just been shot by the Versaillists entering Paris by the breach. To punish their punishers, the Communists determined on these reprisals; and Ferré, his roll-book in hand, himself chose the six victims to be shot: Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris; President Bonjean; Abbé Allard, member of the Society for Assisting the Wounded; Father Ducoudray, Superior of the School of Saint Genevieve; Father Clerc, a Jesuit; and Abbé Duguerry, a curé in the church of La Madeleine. The number filled up, Citizen Ferré entered cell No. 21, that of the Archbishop. He called the prisoner, who, in his calm, firm voice, answered "Present!" On leaving his cell, the Archbishop said to him, "The justice of tyrants is very long in coming!" The executions took place in the court of the Infirmary. Here, at a quarter past eight in the evening, the shots began, each victim taking his turn at the fatal wall. And here took place the singular scene when Monseigneur Darboy, addressing words of forgiveness to his executioners, so touched the hearts of two of them that these bloody men came and knelt before the priest, soliciting his benediction. This infirmity of purpose was not to the taste of the others, who fell upon their relenting comrades, and pushed them back with insults. Our second engraving represents Versailles troops burning dead bodies and refuse matter, and our third picture shows the dead being taken up for proper interment.

FRAU MARIE SIMON.

Frau Marie Simon is to Prussia what Florence Nightingale is to England. She is beloved by every German soldier, and deserves to be. She was in the campaign of 1866, and all through the late war, healing the wounded, comforting the sick, and working as hard as any man in the hospitals and on the battle-field. A band of good and kind ladies went out to aid the sick and wounded, and Frau Simon managed their labours.

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

Last week we gave a sketch of the exterior of this noble building which crowns Muswell-hill. Our sketch was a closer glimpse of the palace than that which is shown in the photographs. This week we engrave a drawing of the interior, which will give our readers an excellent idea of the character and extent of the place. Although the Alexandra Palace has been built some years, the decorations are as fresh and new as they were the day they were completed. This is saying a great deal for the purity of the atmosphere. The architectural proportions of the building are harmonious and admirable. Nothing could be in better taste than the decorations. The organ is by Willis. It is next in size to the one in the Albert Hall, and is in every respect a noble instrument. When Mr. Arthur Sullivan tried it the other day he was loud in his praises of it, and he spoke with great satisfaction of the acoustic properties of the building. We are glad to hear that the Tontine scheme is progressing favourably. It is entitled to a most generous response from the public, and more particularly among the people who live in the northern districts of London. The capital required ought to have been subscribed in a month, and would no doubt have come in if the public had thoroughly understood the nature of the proposal. It is only now that the prospectus is beginning to make its way into the public mind. The result cannot but be a hearty and liberal backing of the directors.

A QUIET HOUR.

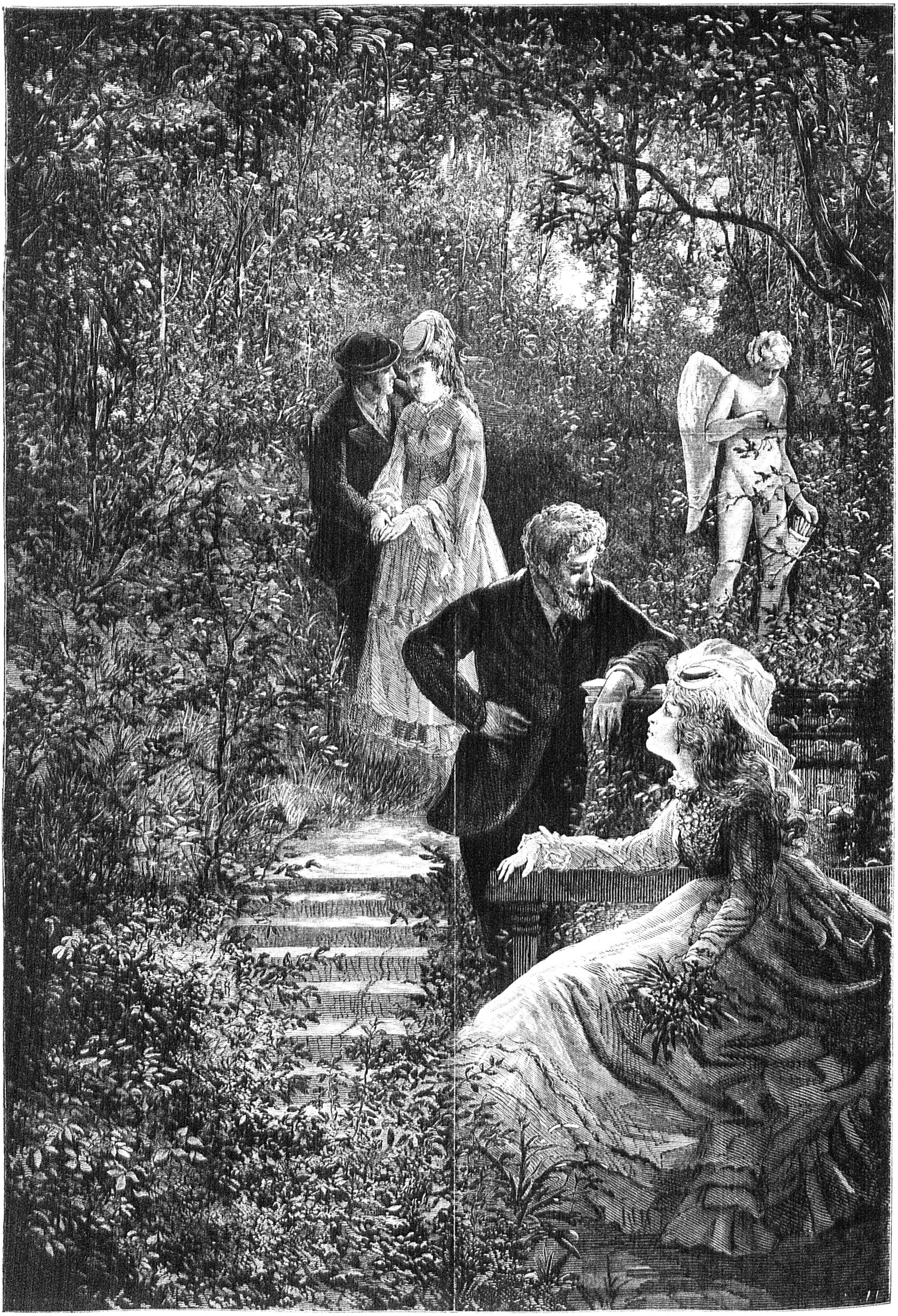
The sunlight is past, and the dusty air
That filled the day in its prime:
Of all the hours, there is none so fair
As the dim white even-time.
The wind, that blew like a breath of heat,
Is cooler and fresher now:
Of all the winds, there is none so sweet,
Soft evening wind, as thou.

An hour like this is soon forgot,
And never recalled again;
The peace and rest we remember not,
Only the joy and the pain.
Were we content with such pleasure as this,
We might be happy in rest;
But in the pursuit of more difficult bliss,
We scorn to be easily blest.

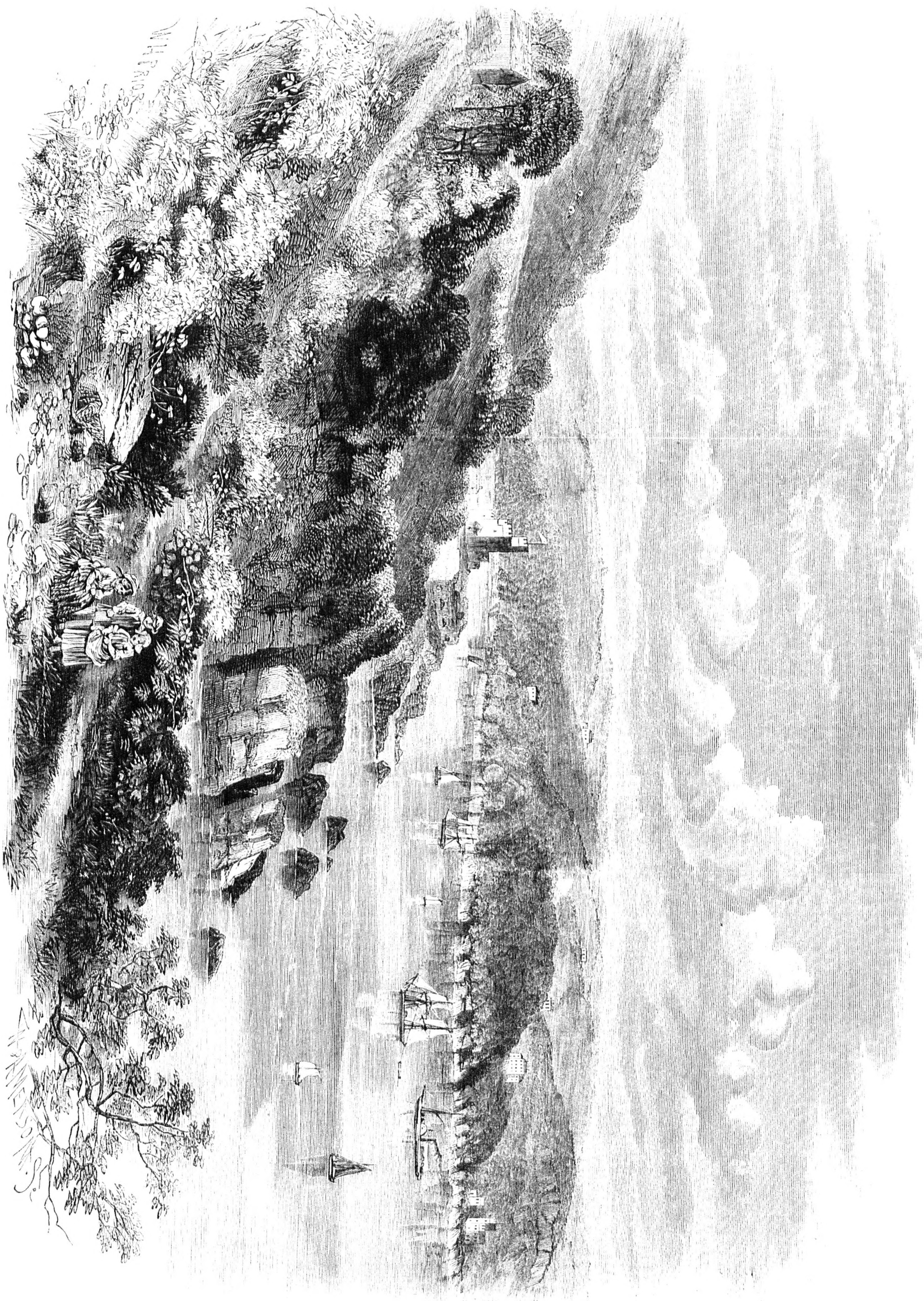
AN EVENING PARTY IN SWITZERLAND.

This is a sketch taken in a Swiss cottage. It represents an evening party of village people, and two of the company are dancing. The picture needs no explanation. It is a picture from life among the mountains. In some of the out-of-the-way Swiss villages a man who can play the violin is a great hero, and it will be noticed in our sketch that every motion of the instrumentalists is watched by the lookers-on, while the dancers caper unnoticed.

THE CROPS.—The *Mark Lane Express* says the farmers have had further fine opportunities for gathering the corn, and with another like period of sunshine the country will be pretty well out of harm's way as regards weather. The second cut of grass has been the heaviest for some time past. That the lateness of the present season had tried stocks in Germany we have proof in the circumstance that considerable purchases have been made in London for the Rhenish provinces, the prices paid being 46s. 6d. to 48s. 6d. This fact, coming on a further advance in wheat and flour at Paris, has given considerable tone to the London trade, which will, doubtless, find its response in the country, and less incline farmers to hurry off their new samples to market. Foreigners are wanting their corn back again; so an actual consumptive demand has taken the place of speculation. The potato disease indeed looms in the distance, but the very fear of its prevalence for a time abates prices by forced sales, and so produces an unwarrantable feeling of scarcity. The dearness of meat suggests the idea of liberal pig feeding, that the rates of beef and mutton may be more moderate. Belgium is rather dearer again, as well as Hungary, and both Stockholm and Copenhagen have hardened under a French demand. The *Sussex Advertiser* confirms its former reports as to the result of the harvest, and says:—"The week of splendid weather since enjoyed has enabled harvest operations to be carried out uninterruptedly, so that there now remains very little work to be done to bring matters to a conclusion. Whatever the estimate of the wheat crop at the commencement of harvest, it is now established beyond all question that the yield will fall considerably short of an average. The crop is uneven, and although there are samples of very fine quality and heavy weight per bushel, a great deal of shrivelled and light corn is found on threshing out, in a majority of instances. With respect to all other crops the reports are, as a rule, most satisfactory. Some complaint is made as to the potato crop being attacked by disease. No great harm has occurred in this respect, and the injury is exceptional. Speaking of the month of August as a whole, the weather has been most propitious, and but for the fact that 'hands' have been scarce, the ingathering of the crops would have been almost universally completed by the close of last week."



A QUIET HOUR.



PICTURES ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY: VIII.—The Mouth of the Dart, Devonshire.

DORA PAINE.

"CONFOUND it!" muttered Jim Ogilvie, as he threw away his cigar; "this Norman town is becoming a bore. I must either 'go in' for absinthe or a small flirtation. Can't afford it with mine hostess. She'll stick me for something if I go through the shop. Hah! the dinner-bell of the Londres. Good! that solves the problem! Wash one's hands, and then to the caravanserai."

Jim entered the Londres. The motley gathering was composed as usual of French, who were mostly small government *employés*, and of the travelling English. Neither French ladies nor English residents ever much affected the Londres. The table, during the hot summer weather, was laid in the garden at the back of the house—a considerable improvement on the hot, stuffy *salle*. Jim dropped into his accustomed seat next some English ladies, with whom, in consequence of their having resided at the hotel some weeks, he had scraped acquaintance, and began his dinner. Opposite were five places evidently taken, the chairs being tilted forward against the table.

"New-comers, I suppose?" remarked Jim to his fair neighbour.

"Looks like it," she rejoined. "You were right, Mr. Ogilvie, the night before last, when you guessed that that gentleman and lady were a bridal couple on their honeymoon. I hear it is so."

"Oh, no mistake about it!" said Jim. "Your ideas of devotion must be *exigeante* in the extreme, or you would have seen it at once."

At this moment entered the party for whom the reserved seats were evidently in waiting.

A stout, florid man of fifty or thereabouts, accompanied by his wife, hale and comfortable-looking; a couple of daughters, apparently of the respective ages of seventeen and fifteen; and a young lady of rather more mature age, dressed in half-mourning.

There was nothing much in such a party taking their seats to influence Jim Ogilvie, one would have thought; but the claret glass was arrested half-way to his lips, and a muttered "Good gracious!" escaped him.

"What's the matter?" said his neighbour. "Has the incursion opposite frightened you?"

"No—oh, dear, no! I thought I recognised the old gentleman opposite."

"Not often the recognition of a gentleman causes so much confusion," replied his fair friend, laughing. "What do you take him for?"

"Oh, no doubt about him!" replied Jim. "Made a lot of money in trade, somehow. Travelling with wife and daughters, to polish the latter. Hates claret, the life, the whole thing. Yearning for port, and to see his paper regular. Old lady much of his opinion—hates kickshaws and 'furren ways.' Daughters missy, Clapham-educated, full of airs and vulgarism. That's about a correct description of the family, I take it."

"But you are leaving out one," said the young lady; "that nice-looking girl in half-mourning. What is she? Niece, daughter, or governess?"

"Beat there quite, Miss Wiston. Don't affect to understand her."

"Well, it's time for us to go. You shall give me your views of that lady in half-mourning when you have had a little more leisure to study her."

And Miss Wiston and her party rose, and left the table.

"Deuced odd," muttered Jim, as the ladies departed. "If that wasn't Dora Paine, I never saw her. What on earth is she doing here? Wonderful hot weather we're having, sir?"

"Yes," replied the florid gentleman opposite, whose feminine belongings had also retired. "Suppose it's always the case in this confounded country; but my misses they would come abroad. As for me, I think there's no place like England. Never was out of it before, and wish I wasn't now."

"Well, I like a man with no prejudice about him," thought Jim. "Quite right," he said; "there's no place like it. These people don't know how to dine, spite of all they tell us about French cooking."

The cookery at the Londres was perhaps hardly a fair sample.

"You're right, sir—you're right," responded the florid-looking gentleman. "You're a sensible man, sir. No; I like my sirloin of beef and bottle of port afterwards. Confound this wishy-washy claret and the kickshaws I've been living on the last six weeks! But the girls bullied their mother to come abroad, and she teased me into it—more fool I, at my time of life."

"Try a *petit verre* with that coffee, and one of these cigars," said Jim; "it's the best part of a Norman dinner."

And he threw his case across the table.

"Thank ye, sir—thank ye," said the other; and in five minutes he and Jim were chatting together like old friends.

The cigars finished, they strolled up the garden, and Jim was introduced to Mrs. and the Misses Chalmers and Miss Paine. Jim bowed.

"Had the pleasure of meeting you last year at Lanceby, though I'm afraid my name has faded from your memory, Miss Paine," said Jim.

"No, Mr. Ogilvie, I recollect you perfectly," replied Miss Paine, somewhat dryly.

Considering what had then passed between those two, it would have been odd if she hadn't.

Jim's easy, off-hand manner and man-of-the-world converse made a rapid impression. He listened patiently to Mrs. Chalmers's petty grievances, put down the eldest girl's Clapham graces with a high hand, and snubbed the hoyden sharply in a London drawl of some years' practice.

Miss Paine looked on the while with a faint, amused smile. It was only as they strolled back that Jim could contrive for a minute to get a word or two with her.

"Dora," he said, "what does all this mean? What are you doing here? Do you forget our last meeting?"

"I should have thought *you* had. You took little trouble to discover me after the scrape you led me into last year."

"My dear Dora, I had scrapes enough of my own on hand then. It was all I could do to take care of myself."

"Yes; I could fancy, after the manner of men, that would be your first object. You don't, as a rule, trouble your heads much about what position you leave us in."

"Don't be unkind; I can explain all when I have an opportunity. What are you doing here?"

"Can't you conceive? I am governess to those girls. A little troublesome, but not bad girls in their way. The eldest is rather pretty. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know. I want to talk to you."

"Hush! Mrs. Chalmers is looking round. You liked early rising once. To-morrow morning, at eight, I will tell you all. I don't know this place. Say where, and I'll find it."

"The Jardin d'Evêques," whispered Jim. "You're quite right, Mrs. Chalmers; it is getting too late to stay out. I'm afraid I must wish you good-night;" and, lifting his hat, Jim departed.

"By Jove!" he soliloquized, as he solaced himself shortly after with a pipe and a glass of Schiedam and water in his lodgings over the tobacconist's. "I had better go away. If I stay, I know I shall get spooney on that little Paine girl. She led me into playing the fool once before. Lord, what a wife I might have had!" And Jim laughed at the recollection of a time now gone by—an occasion on which Dora had seduced him from his allegiance to a lady with ingots, whatever else she might lack. And then Jim Ogilvie put down his pipe, and sought his pillow.

A few minutes past eight the next morning Miss Paine trips lightly out of the door of the Londres, rather to the astonishment of Marie, who thinks she's out earlier than most English. She stops for a moment to ask Marie the way to the Jardin d'Evêques. Marie directs her, and thinks she is making a species of mild pilgrimage to "the stones." For be it known, at the top of the Jardin d'Evêques, enclosed by posts and iron chains, are placed the identical flags taken from the old Cathedral of Avranches on which Henry the Second knelt to do penance for the murder of Thomas à Becket. Marie is a believer in bones and stones. She puts down mademoiselle as a *dévote Anglaise*, and thinks better of her accordingly.

Miss Paine trips quietly down the street, glances a minute or two at the busy market-place, where buxom Norman hucksters, adorned with the old Norman cap, long, pendulous earrings, and those quaint, old-fashioned, gold crosses (family heirlooms of perhaps some hundred years), are busily chaffering over their swelling baskets of ripe, mellow fruit, and sees what she guesses to be the Jardin d'Evêques before her.

Miss Paine guesses aright, and, crossing the large open space at the top, is soon promenading the broad walk leading up to the penance-worn stones of the Plantagenet.

She had not walked far before Jim Ogilvie met her.

"Thanks, my dear Dora, for this meeting!" he exclaimed. "Come up above here. There is such a glorious view over the bay and country. You will see Mont St. Michel standing forth in all its glory this morning."

They ascended the little hillock in silence. To say the truth, perhaps both were a little puzzled as to how to begin. That there had been love passages between those two is obvious. But they had not met for some months, and picking up "the dropped stitches" on such occasions is sometimes awkward. The lady had a good deal the best of it. You see it was for Jim to take the initiative. A waiting race is always easier than forcing the running. As for Jim, he knew he was doing something foolish; but then his life had been passed in perpetrating follies, and Avranches was getting so dull.

As they reached the summit the girl stopped entranced. She had an eye for beauty in any form—beauties of nature or beauties of art. The fresh June sun poured down over the glittering bay, with its wooded banks, up the long, straight dusty road, so thoroughly French in its apparently interminable length and directness. While far away, still half enveloped in mist, towered out that mystic Mont St. Michel, of which she had heard so much—as Pagan idol of the Romans, monastery, and shrine of the Middle Ages, Bastile of the Revolution. Like some grim, old-world monster, it looked out over the waters of the bay.

Jim saw she was spell-bound, and for some few minutes forbore to speak. At last he said:—

"And now, Dora, tell me about yourself!"

"In one moment. What a glorious view it is! Look how the sun gilds those dissolving clouds. Now that cloud landscape disappears as rapidly as it formed. Cape, hill, headland, mountain of that golden panorama melt away before the destroyer. So, Mr. Ogilvie, do the illusions of love and youth before the sun of this every-day life."

"Why do you speak thus, Dora?"

"Why do I speak thus?" replied the girl, bitterly. "Do you think the rosy tints have not been washed out of my young life already? Do you know or care what came of my listening to your idle nonsense when we last met? You know I was sent home in disgrace because I listened to you—that I changed the idle luxury of my aunt's house for the sordid pinching of my own home—and all because I was weak enough to listen to one who never thought it worth his while to inquire what became of me. Yes—you men, you teach us our lessons hardly; you bring the tears to our eyes, and a crackling to our heart-strings; but they're lessons we don't forget. No—you do your engraving deeply."

Considering their previous flirtation had been quite as much Miss Paine's doing as the hapless Jim's this was not at all bad in "the injured innocence" style. Poor Jim felt as crestfallen as if he had been engaged, and deserted her at the altar, instead of having, by a sudden departure, abruptly broken off a flirtation.

"Dora," mumbled Jim, "will you forgive the past so far as to believe me when I say that if I had stayed longer in England a debtor's prison would have been my fate?"

"And that prevented you from writing a line to one you professed, if my senses did not deceive me, to love!"

"Confound it," thought Jim, "and I once thought this girl was shy. Wonder what I'd better say next!"

He was saved further cogitation on this point. Suddenly a pair of lustrous grey eyes flashed up into his face. The girl laid her hand on his arm, and said:

"Jim, dear, you're puzzled. You foolish fellow, can't you see you've piqued me by the little pains you took to inquire after me? Can't you see the girl you deemed so shy can be bold enough when she loves and meets"—here Dora's voice faltered, and she blushed beautifully—"the man she feared she'd lost?"

In a second Jim's arm was round her waist, and his lips met hers. "My darling!" he whispered.

"There! that will do, I'm sure," said Dora laughing, and extricating herself from his embrace. "Somebody must be looking our way, and I don't want to make gossip for the *table d'hôte*. I must run back now. See me to the gate, won't you, Jim?"

"Of course I will."

"Recollect I am 'the governess,' though I can do pretty well what I like with the old people, and get on fairly with the girls. If you want to see much of me, you must be intimate with them, mind. Good-bye!" and with a smile and a nod, Dora left the garden.

As for Jim, he felt that it was all over with him, and that the forebodings over last night's pipe had been only too truly realised.

"Yes!" laughed Dora to herself, as she wended her way up the street; "it's true I've recaptured my truant lover. But then I don't quite know what to do with him now I've got him. I'm afraid poor Jim has got no money. Well, we shall see. In the meantime, being in love with me is good for him." She was a wise little woman in her generation, was Dora Paine.

The *table d'hôte* at the Londres that day was startled by the advent of a new-comer, whose irrepressible geniality speedily made him acquainted with every one there. He was attired in a tourist's light suit, and wore a white neckcloth. He looked like a parson out on a summer's tour. But mystery about him there was none. Time even for conjecture was wanting. Before dinner was over, he had, in the most genial, egotistical, off-hand way made every one in his vicinity quite aware that he was the Rector of Edendale, one of the prettiest parsonages in Hertfordshire—that he came abroad every year for a summer's run, to see fresh scenery and faces, to collect new ideas, and prevent his mind generally from rusting. He wanted to see everything—he wanted everybody to join with him in seeing it. He fraternised with the Chalmers party, drank wine with Jim, complimented Miss Paine, and laughed with the Wistons—told them his troubles about his cows, and how badly some land he farmed promised this year—laughed gaily over bachelor life, and the discomforts of an unmarried parson; finally favouring the company with some of his parochial difficulties, and how he believed it was all from the want of a lady at the Rectory.

"See Mont St. Michel of course he must. Hadn't they or the Chalmerses seen it? Delightful! Why not make up a party for to-morrow or the next day? Mr. —— I have not the pleasure of knowing your name."

"Ogilvie," supplemented Jim.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance. Would join also? Capital! Of course nothing could be jollier."

There was no holding the irrepressible rector on his travels, so the Mont St. Michel party was made up.

As Jim said "Good night" that evening, he whispered to Miss Paine, "Come and have another look at the view to-morrow morning."

An arch glance and a little nod was Dora's response. But that walk the next morning was a very different affair from that of the previous day. It was true Dora was punctual to her tryst; but then she was accompanied by Miss Chalmers; and "that confounded parson," as Jim mentally called him, had also attached himself to them to see the stones of which he had heard from Miss Paine at dinner on the preceding night.

"So unlucky her taking early rising into her head," murmured Dora *sotto voce* as she bade Jim good-morning.

Jim sulked a little at starting; a mistake on his part, for the irrepressible rector (he announced his name as Phipps, by the way), in the ardour of his antiquarian researches, was compelled to apply to Miss Paine for information. Consequently Jim found himself paired off, he hardly knew how, with Miss Selina Chalmers. However, he soon recovered his spirits, and as there was nothing for it but to accept the situation, he rattled away to that young lady, who seemed not a little pleased with her cavalier.

She was a fresh, good-looking girl, and, though perhaps a nice observer might detect she was not quite a lady, she was anything but the missy vulgar girl Jim had stigmatised her as, on her first appearance at the Londres. Then her unmistakable admiration of himself tickled his vanity and stimulated him to make himself decidedly agreeable.

"Oh, Dora, how handsome and agreeable Mr. Ogilvie is!" said Selina Chalmers as they ascended the stairs of the hotel together.

"You think so?" said Miss Paine, dryly. "Perhaps he is. Jim, Jim," she murmured to herself when she got into her own room, "I can't quite make up my mind what to do about you."

The Mont St. Michel party came off in a day or two. A longish drive through a rather pretty country brought them to the edge of the famous sands over which the tide ran high daily, quite isolating the weird old rock from the mainland. Fearful were the stories of people overtaken by the rushing waters in traversing that mile of silting sand, for the tide comes in like a mill-race in that Normandy bay. Dread the legends of strong men and bonnie peasant lasses who had been too venturesome, and had been sucked in by the rapacious quicksands that abound there. Stupendous were the lies told by the powerful, wiry, barefooted Norman guide of the rescues he had made over those treacherous sands; of the grim corpses he had seen in his fishing or fowling adventures there in the winter; of the wretched fate of men who had tried to escape from the *cachettes* of the drear old prison, as it was in the days of the Great Revolution.

Our party have arrived at the strip of shingly beach that surrounds the rock. They pass through the massive gateway, and ascend the steep ill-paved road into the little town, or rather hamlet, that nestles at its feet. Jim Ogilvie is a little discontented. Somehow Selina Chalmers seems fated to be his companion, while that "confounded parson," as Jim once more terms him, seems to have appropriated Dora Paine. They climb, you are always climbing to begin with at Mont St. Michel, those dreadfully steep stairs. The church, the cloisters, the *salle*, are all shown to them in their turn. They come at last to the *cachettes*, those fearful little dungeons under the roof; they peep in, but to their eyes, used to daylight, all seems utter darkness. Their guide in solemn tones narrates of political prisoners who entered those little cells as young men, only to leave them after many years; sewn up in a blanket, with a shot attached to their lifeless feet, for a sullen plunge over the parapet when the tide ran high.

The *oubliettes* of the Bastile recur to the memory. One thinks of those gay Republicans of the tricolour, who danced the *carmagnole* and demolished the Bastile in Paris to establish it again at grim St. Michel. The world goes round, but men remain the same, and, like the beasts, ever worry their stricken brethren.

The irrepressible Phipps and Jim must of course try temporary incarceration in a *cachette* each, to see what it was like. Armed with a cigar fusee, each prepared for his enterprise. Stop! would no lady share the adventure? Of course. When was woman's courage known to fail on such occasions? Miss Paine and Miss Chalmers came nobly to the front.

"Now, Miss Paine," said Jim.

"In one moment," replied Dora.

Jim had been chafing, we know, for some time at the way in which Phipps had somehow monopolised Dora. Now was his time for an explanation.

"Give me your hand," he said, advancing cautiously into the darkness, and stretching his hand out behind him.

A little hand was put into his. He drew the owner gently forward, not forgetting to press the hand tenderly as he did so.

The lady gave a slight scream as the door closed behind them.

"Don't be frightened, darling," murmured Jim, as he stole his arm round his companion's waist. "I'll take every care of you."

"Oh, oh, it's so dark! Don't, please."

"My pet, I loved you from the first, you know—from the first time I ever saw you;" and Jim, taking rather a mean advantage of the situation, snatched half a dozen kisses from lips that were certainly yielded with very little denying. "Never mind your friends or mine," continued Jim. "Only say you'll be mine. I never loved woman as I love you. Kiss me, dearest, and say yes."

A pair of arms stole round his neck, and a modest little kiss was given for answer.

"I say," called out old Chalmers, "haven't you people had enough of 'cachetting' by this time? I'm all for getting back to the lunch."

"All right," replied Jim; "let us out. I don't think it half so bad as it looks."

The door was opened, and Jim led out his fellow-prisoner—*Miss Selina Chalmers.*

Jim stared like a man in a maze; he was too dumbfoundered to speak. Miss Chalmers, whose cheeks wore the most roseate hue, seemed also quite afraid to encounter any one's glances.

"Now let out the other delinquents," chuckled Chalmers, and out of the next *cachette* stepped forth Miss Paine and the parson. Phipps looked a little serious; but Dora was as quiet and self-possessed as usual, taking Mr. Phipps's arm for the descent with the most perfect *sang-froid*—Miss Chalmers, of course, falling once more to Jim's care. What to do he didn't quite know; but Jim's knowledge of the world told him this much—however he might get out of it afterwards, he could do nothing now. After kissing a girl for five minutes in the dark, telling her he loved her, and asking her to marry him (it's true by mistake), he couldn't quite throw her over the same afternoon. She was, as I've already said, not a bad-looking girl, and just "sweet seventeen" to boot; so Jim, in a more modified form, continued to make himself as agreeable as his utterly upset equilibrium allowed.

As for Selina Chalmers, she was too bewildered by a first and unexpected declaration of love to be more than rather frightened at Jim's *petits soins*, though she rather liked his calling her Lina.

The drive homeward was quiet. Jim was dying to have a few words with Dora; but that astute young lady never gave him a chance. He found himself always beside his *fiancée*. Jim, in his most ferocious moods, was lamb-like to women, and Miss Selina's barely-concealed blushes and general confusion ensured her kind treatment.

On their return to the hotel, Jim made his adieu. The shy glance of Selina's dark eyes seemed to him his "kismet," and he could not refrain from returning it with a warm pressure of the timid little hand that was put forth to his at parting.

"One moment, Mr. Ogilvie," said Miss Paine, following him to the door. "Don't forget that book you promised me. I should like to see if I am right about that particular passage."

This was all Greek to Jim; but he was beginning to be aware that Dora's manœuvres were a little beyond him.

"Grand Place at seven to-morrow," she whispered, "and I'll explain all. Good night."

Miss Paine had been but a few minutes in her room that evening before there came a knock at the door, and Miss Chalmers entered. She had had before this more than one little skirmish with Dora, in which she had been notably worsted, and it was an unusual thing on her part to make a confidant of Miss Paine. But then, you see, she was in all the flush of a first love. She had admired Jim Ogilvie very much from the beginning. School-girl as she was, no one had ever made love to her before, and she took it very much in earnest now, as young girls generally do. Her sex's wit told her already that Dora, she knew not how, could influence Jim for good or evil as far as she was concerned. So she came to tell her story, and entreat Miss Paine to throw no blight on her young dream.

"You're quite right, my dear," said Dora, after hearing the somewhat faltering confession. "He has position, and is a gentleman. I knew something of him in England. Your papa has money; and if he only does what he should, you'll make a very happy couple. Poor Jim, you see, has nothing."

Selina started a little at "poor Jim," but she felt as if she were in Dora's hands, and then—well, she didn't want to lose her lover. "Shall you go out before breakfast to-morrow?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Mayn't I come with you?" It had been Dora's suggestion, her coming the morning before.

"No. Don't be jealous, you little stupid, or I won't do anything for you. You may trust me, Selina."

"Good night, Dora, and thank you so much. I know I have behaved badly to you often. But you'll forgive all now, won't you?" And Selina shyly offered her cheek.

Dora just brushed it with her lips. "It will be your father's fault," she said, "if you don't marry Jim Ogilvie. Now, good night. Go to bed and dream of your marriage bells ringing."

"Yes, Jim," she murmured, as Selina left the room; "I don't think you can have me, so I'll be magnanimous and do the best I can for you, though you hardly deserve it. Well for you, sir, you returned to your allegiance, to begin with, or I can't say what I might have been tempted to do."

And what were Jim's reflections that evening over his solitary pipe? That hardened ex-hussar was completely beaten.

"Don't know how the deuce it's to come off," he muttered. "Not 'in the know' one bit this time. Wonder whether she did it on purpose? What does she mean? Don't think she means *me*, anyway. Rather a sell, because I *was* in earnest. What am I to do about Selina? Evening train for Paris to-morrow I should think's about 'my form.' Wonder what she's got to say to-morrow."

On arriving at the Place the next morning, Jim found Dora there awating him. "How well she looked," he thought, "in her half-mourning," as she came forward to meet him, the grey eyes dancing with fun.

"Oh, Jim, Jim!" she said as she extended her hand, "is this your love for me? The first picnic we go to you leave me, and propose to somebody else. Wouldn't come near me all day even."

"You didn't give me much chance," said Jim, bitterly. "Besides, you know, Dora, I thought"——

"I know nothing," she interrupted, laughing, "except that Mr. Phipps had to take care of me all day, and Selina has told me what took place between you and her in the *cachette*."

"Dora, my darling, for Heaven's sake"——

"Come into the garden, Jim, and do be quiet. You can't have so many darlings; at least, not all at once, you know," said Miss Paine, roguishly.

"Dora, you know"——

"Do hold your tongue. Come and sit down on this bench, and listen to me."

"But you know I don't mean to marry Selina; that it was a mistake. I love you, and mean to marry you."

"Can't be done, Jim, dear;" and Miss Paine shook her head solemnly, though, from a slight twitching about the corners of her mouth, it might be doubted if a strong inclination to laugh was not at that moment her ruling impulse.

"I don't quite know now how it all happened, Dora; but I believe you were the cause of it," said Jim, sulkily. "I half think you mean taking up with that confounded parson. I'd break his neck if I was quite clear about it."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," replied Dora, sharply. "I'll not have my intended husband immolated. Don't look savage, sir. Listen to me."

"I didn't come here to be made a fool of!" said Jim, fiercely, as he rose. "Marry the parson, then. I shall start for Paris by the afternoon train."

"No you won't. Jim, don't be foolish. Sit down and listen patiently till I have done. When I first met you I liked you more than any one I had ever seen. Don't mistake me; I have never loved any one, not even you. I doubt whether it is really in me to do so. I was poor, and very tired of that poverty. I thought you rich, and wanted to marry you. If you had been I should have made you a very good wife. I could have liked you as well as it is in me to like any one; perhaps better. If I have not much heart, I have a pretty good head. That little *fiasco* occurred, or I might have married you. Dreadful thing for both of us, Jim—eh? What could we have lived on? Neither you nor I are good at economy."

"Good-bye!" he said, savagely between his set teeth. "You make me think worse of women than I ever did yet."

She laid her hand on his arm, and the mocking tones in which she had as yet spoken softened marvellously. Heartless as she was, still what of heart she had Jim had touched. At this minute, when she was about to bid him leave her, she could not but feel a slight pang that it must be so. She wavered for a second in her purpose, and then the worldly, scheming little head recovered itself.

"Don't go yet, please," she said. "Jim, we can't have all we would like in this world. If I was rich, I would marry you. If I tell you it was my plan that Selina entered the *cachette* with you, forgive me. It was as much for you as myself. You've asked her to marry you, and she has consented. Do it. Her father is rich. You were prepared once before to marry for money. Do it know. She's a nice girl—young. You can make of her what you will; and one thing more—she believes what women don't altogether in these days"——

She paused.

"What?" he exclaimed.

"Thoroughly in her lover!" and Dora's eyes dropped. There was a silence of some moments between them.

"And you," inquired Jim, roughly, at last, "who never cared for me—who led me to think you did"——

"Jim, don't throw stones. If I have had the best of it a little, I'm sure I deserved it. I risked most. Let the past be buried between us."

"But you—what do you mean to do?"

"Do?" she replied, with a light laugh, "why, marry the parson, of course, you goose! He *can* keep me, which you can't. He's not quite asked me yet, but he will before two days are over. Now, don't be sulky any more, Jim. Do as I tell you, and leave me to myself. It's best for both of us. Good-bye! Shake hands, and let's part friends. Yes—you may kiss me just for the last time."

"By Jove, Dora, you're a clever woman!"

"Thanks, monsieur."

And making him a low curtsey, Miss Dora took her way back to the hotel.

A few days elapsed, harassing in the extreme to poor Selina, who was dreadfully jealous of the attentions that her affianced occasionally showed Miss Paine. In vain Jim told her that "was but to take off suspicion." In vain Dora laughed at her. The girl was jealous, and had some cause for it. Those two worldly Philistines could hardly confide to her that the Rev. Phipps had to be slightly stimulated; but so it was. Four days saw her troubles over. At the end of that time, Miss Paine, in a charming suffusion of blushes, announced her engagement. Jim followed suit. Mr. Chalmers was at first a little indignant at the latter; but in twenty-four hours, during which Dora had placed it to him in the most favourable light, immensely proud of his daughter's conquest.

Jim and his wife get on very comfortably. Selina is submissive on every point but one, and that is any intimacy with the Phippses. As for the Rev. Phipps, he believes implicitly in his wife; and if she is occasionally a little "coquette," she is far too clever to go to the length of ever letting scandal be busy with her name.

THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

By Joaquin Miller.

To right and to left the black buffalo came,
In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair
With their beards to the dust and black tails in the air;
As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And I rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns through the storm of his mane
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,
And the howling of beasts like the sound of thunder—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them and wove her
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart broken on the hard brown stone.
And into the Brazos . . . I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.

The Venus of Milo at the Louvre.—We mentioned some short time back that the famous Venus of Milo had been again placed in the sculpture gallery of the Louvre, and was now exposed to view. The following was the manner in which this *chef-d'œuvre* came into the possession of France:—In 1820, a Greek peasant of the island of Milo—the ancient Melos of the Cyclades—in digging the ground, found it buried, and broken in three fragments, in a recess about seven or eight feet below the surface. The French consul at Milo was then M. Brest, whom the peasant informed of his treasure, and offered to sell it for a small sum. The functionary, who knew little about the fine arts, referred to M. Duval d'Aily, commander of the French Government transport *L'Emulation*, then at the island. The latter proposed to purchase the statue immediately and remove it to his vessel. But this proceeding was too hasty for the formalist, M. Brest, who wrote a letter to the Marquis de Rivière, Ambassador for Louis XVIII. at the Porte. This communication was lost on the way, but, fortunately for France, M. Dumont d'Urville arrived at that moment in Milo to conduct a hydrographical survey. He saw the statue, recognised at once the value of it, and sent a special courier to the Marquis de Rivière. The ambassador despatched Count de Marcellus to Milo, with instructions to effect the purchase. But all these formalities had taken time, and when the Count arrived in the island the Venus had been shipped on board a Turkish brig, and was about to leave for Constantinople. He immediately applied to the Primate, who, pressed by his insistance and even menaces, ordered the statue to be landed and sold by auction. This was what Count de Marcellus desired; and, having become possessor of the treasure, he started to France with it, and did not stop until he had reached Paris. He had bought it in the name of the Marquis de Rivière, who transferred his bargain to Louis XVIII., and the King presented the statue to the nation. Such is the history of one of the most exquisite specimens of Greek art in the world.—*Galignani.*

Borwick's Custard Powder is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [457

GOSSIP ABOUT BATS.

The phrase "Blind as a bat" is not justified by facts. It is true the bat's eyes are none of the largest, but they answer all necessary purposes. Besides, the animal can find his way about without them, if need be. Spallanzani proved, by a series of cruel experiments with blinded bats, that they would fly round a room and out at the door without coming in contact with anything, and pass between threads without touching them, though the width between was barely sufficient to admit their expanded wings. This faculty Cuvier attributes to the whole surface of the flying membranes being endowed with such extraordinary sensibility as to form a continuous organ of touch. Mr. Cornish made some curious experiments upon torpid bats. Upon applying a thermometer to one it stood at thirty-six degrees, while he found the heart beat just once a second. Upon its being awakened, so that it could just fly about, the pulsations of the heart increased to a hundred per minute, while the heat of the body only rose two degrees. In their torpid state bats lose from five to seven grains in weight in a fortnight. They do not travel well in this condition; for when a dozen were sent from Devonshire to London not one survived the journey, although they exhibited so little sign of change that the great anatomist John Hunter kept them a considerable time before he could satisfy himself they were really dead. That they are capable of retaining life for a long period in a torpid state is certain. In 1806 a family vault was opened at Norwich after being closed for thirty-two years, and in it was found a torpid living grey bat; and a living bat of a bright scarlet colour is said to have been discovered in a large cherry-tree, enclosed in perfectly sound and solid wood, that had apparently grown round it. Still the sleep of the bat is not so deep as that of some other hibernating creatures; a slight rise in temperature, like that afforded by a mild winter's day, will suffice to wake him up and tempt him forth on foraging intent, generally to his discomfiture, as the winter-bound insects do not follow his example; so that a severe winter is most conducive to a bat's health and longevity.

Considering the repulsive appearance and strange habits of the tribe, the bat has not been the subject of so many popular fancies and superstitions as might have been expected. Pliny informs us that those impostors the magicians taught that by carrying a live bat thrice round a house, and then nailing it outside with its head downward, a householder might provide himself with an effective countercharm against evil spells. When it was wanted to protect sheep from harm it had to be carried three times round the fold and hung by the foot to the lintel of the door. Bats' blood, combined in some mysterious way with the thistle, was held a specific for serpents' bites—a strange thing, since Ben Jonson assures us the serpent makes a light meal of a bat when desirous of transforming itself into a dragon. They have been worn as amulets to ensure prosperity; but Shakespeare had a very different idea of their properties, thinking "wool of bat" a necessary ingredient in the baleful mess brewed in Hecate's cauldron, and making his Caliban curse Prospero with the wish that all the charms of his dam, "toads, beetles, bats," might light on him. It would seem, too, that there was a notion that the untimely appearance of a bat was ominous of evil, by the concocters of a book of prodigies for the edification of pious Nonconformists thinking the following story worth printing:—"Upon the 2nd of February, 1661, Dr. Belk, one of the prebends of Canterbury, did, in the morning, preach in the cathedral there; and when he was in the midst of his sermon a flinder-mouse, or bat, did come forth, and flew several times from one end of the place to the other; and when he was earnest in speaking the bat struck at him, which the people took great notice of, because of the unusual appearance of the creature at that time of the day and in the cold winter season; as, also, because of the great affront offered by her to the doctor while he was officiating."

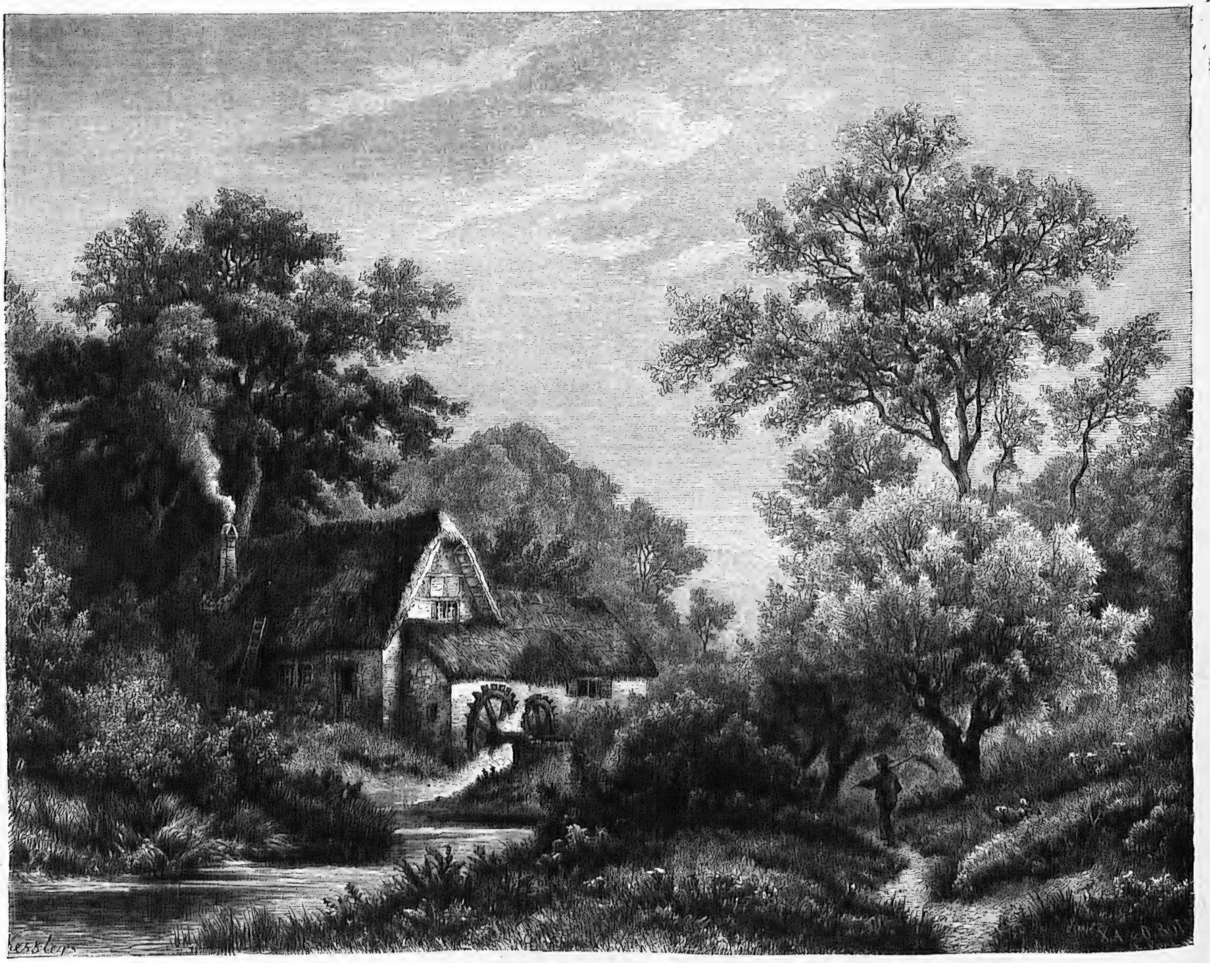
The temples and tombs of Egypt swarm with bats, which resent the intrusion of explorers by extinguishing their lights, clinging to their clothes, and annoying them generally. Hot countries are the favourite homes of the bat; and in them it attains a size far beyond anything known in northern latitudes. When Captain Burton was wending his way to Dahomey he saw the trees blackened with clinging bats, and the sky speckled with swarms of them. The Bornean sky is said to be obscured for two hours at a time by dense flocks of bats. In Ceylon, too, the bat is a noun of multitude: the tunnels of its highways, the galleries of its fortifications, the roofs of its bungalows, and the ruins of its temples abound with them; and every cavern and subterraneous passage affords a convenient domicile for these darkness-loving swarms. From these they issue as the sun goes down, and, bold from impunity, enter the very dining-rooms, and carry off the insects skirmishing round the table-lamps. The island possesses no less than sixteen species, two of which are its own peculiar natives—one, a tiny creature, not much larger than a bumble-bee, of a glossy black hue; the other measuring from three to four feet from point to point of its extended wings. This is the roussette, or flying-fox, with a famous appetite for figs, plantains, rose-apples, guavas, and the flower-buds of the cotton-tree. Of the last the roussettes are especially fond, making the tree their home all day, passing their time hanging on its topmost branches by their hinder claws, with their chins pressed against their breasts, and their heads invested in a mantle of the membrane attached to the fore-arm. Sunset wakes them up to feed. They share the Cingalese love of toddy, and get drunk by frequenting the cocoa-nut trees at toddy-drawing time.

It is comforting to know that even such an unattractive individual as the bat can boast of one ardent friend, even if that friend be nothing better than a little parasitic acrobat rejoicing in the big name of Nycteribia. This extraordinary creature appears as if it had neither head, antennæ, eyes, nor mouth; but these deficiencies are only seeming ones, owing to its habit of resting itself wrong side uppermost, with its head thrown back, and pressed close between the shoulders, leaving no vestige of a head where one would expect to find it. It really has a mouth, antennæ, and four eyes—two upon each side, which attain their proper position by a sudden jerk of the nycteribia's flexible leathery neck. For the purpose of progression this parasite is provided with three pairs of legs armed with prehensile hooks; these hooks are so arranged as to appear equally distributed over the upper and under sides of the insect, and render it perfectly independent of the movements of the bat, through whose fur it moves at an inconceivably rapid rate, rolling like a wheel rotating on the extremities of its spokes. If it be true that

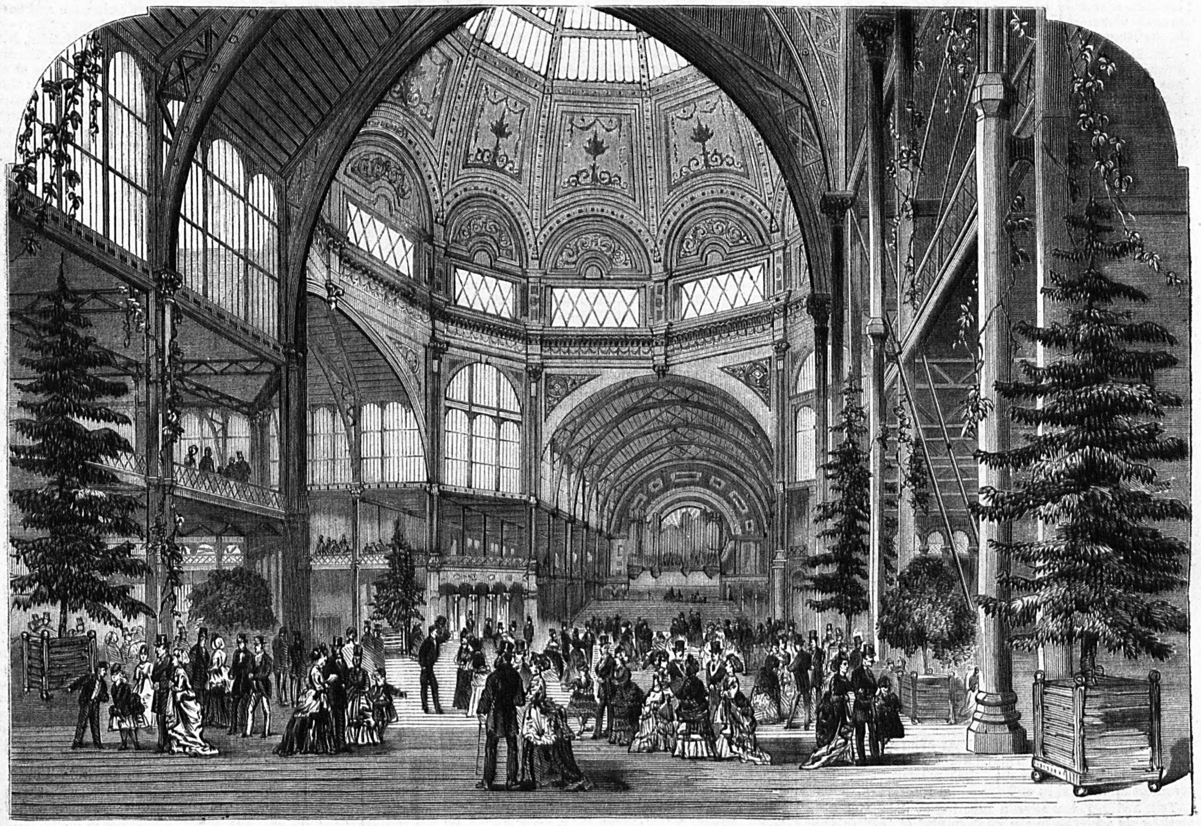
E'en little fleas have lesser fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
And these, again, have lesser fleas,
And so *ad infinitum*;

the lesser flea that accompanies the bat's parasite in its extraordinary gyrations must be a curiosity indeed.

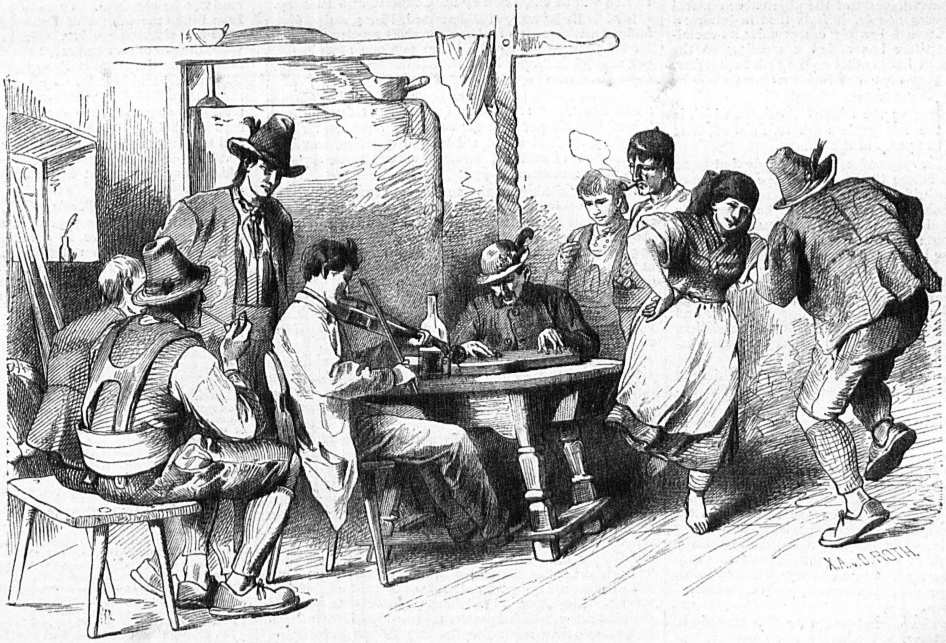
A Remarkable Case.—A peculiar case, which has baffled several doctors, and which in a strange manner shows how life can be prolonged without anything in the shape of ordinary nutrition, has just come to light at a place near Preston. In the fold of Ennell-lane, which closely adjoins the village of Walton-le-Dale, and which is about a mile and a half from Preston, there is a cottage, wherein for three years a young woman has been lying bedridden, and for between one and two years has had nothing to eat. Her name is Ann Riding, she is thirty-three years of age, and resides with her aunt. Prior to being taken ill, she was a strong, healthy young woman, never losing a day's work, and was employed as an operative at the mill of Messrs. Horrocks, Miller, and Co., Preston. Shortly after sickness set in she left work, was compelled to take to her bed, was medically attended, and for three years has been gradually sinking. Several doctors have at times attended her, but none of them has been able to give her any substantial relief, and six months ago remedial operations were abandoned, and the case left to itself, the idea of the aunt being that the "Almighty had to do with it," and that it was useless continuing to incur expense for medicines without any hope of a cure. For sixteen months the young woman has had no food at all, the only thing she could bear being a drop of water with which to moisten her lips. She is frequently asked if she will not have food, but always refuses it—she had no desire for it; and how she has for such a long period existed without anything possessing the least affinity to meat is a mystery. She is conscious, but very weak, gets little sleep, and cannot bear a lighted candle in the room at night time. It is supposed that she is suffering from abdominal atrophy, but the exact nature of the case is not positively understood, and it puzzles every one who is made acquainted with it, and especially when it is recollected that for a year and four months she has not had as much meat and drink as would have been requisite to sustain an infant a single day. The relatives in charge of the young woman are humble, honest people, and make no "show" of the case, which is hardly known in the district.



A PLACE OF PEACE.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ALEXANDRA PALACE, MUSWELL HILL.



AN EVENING PARTY IN SWITZERLAND.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Eastern Bengal Railway is interrupted through serious inundations. The restoration of the line is expected about the 15th inst.

AN inquest was held on Saturday on a girl of fifteen, named Esther Martha Ruffell, who is believed to have committed suicide because of her jealousy of a young man of whom she was very fond. Her body was found in the Regent's Canal.

M. DUFAURE has been appointed by M. Thiers Vice-President of the Council of Ministers, over which he will preside, by virtue of his office, in case of the absence of the President of the Republic.

A FEARFUL thunderstorm, accompanied with hail, passed over the canton of Soleure, Switzerland, on Friday. The fruit trees and gardens are complete wrecks, while in the fields the corn has in many places been forced into the soil, and so great was the amount of hail which fell that even the next day the ground was white with it. The damage done is very great.

SEVENTEEN trucks, containing nine millions of florins (2f. 15c. each) in silver, arrived on the 26th August at Munich. That sum, the first instalment of the share of the war contribution which falls to Bavaria, was handed over to the public Treasury for the extinction of the State debt.

THE *New Prussian* (*Cross*) *Gazette* says:—"An intention was at one time entertained of sending to the German diplomatic representatives abroad an authentic statement of the course pursued and the results obtained at the interviews at Gastein, both for their own information and for their guidance at the Courts to which they are accredited, but the idea has now been relinquished. The Austrian and German Governments consider that they ought rather to confine themselves to sending explanations to those places where any disquietude might be manifested respecting the occurrences at Gastein. In such cases the explanations given would leave no room for doubt as to the utter absence of any aggressive tendency, and of the fact that all that was aimed at was as comprehensive an understanding as possible in the interest of peace on the part of those States whose concurrence is always the surest preservative of a peaceful state of affairs."

A PAMPHLET has been issued by the Catholic Bishops in Switzerland upon the dogma of Papal Infallibility. The bishops insist upon the validity of the decisions adopted by the Œcumenical Council, and upon the infallibility of the Pope as Supreme Head of the Church.

THE National Assembly will not under any circumstances take its vacation until the four Departments surrounding Paris shall have been evacuated by the Prussians.

THE directors of the steamboat companies on the Lakes of Brienz and Thun have decided to make a railway between Neuhaus—the present steamboat terminus on the Lakes of Thun—and Interlaken.

THE *Swiss Times* says a meeting of delegates from workmen's societies in the eastern part of Switzerland, held a few days ago, decided to adopt almost without alteration the Zürich democratic programme. But it does not appear to have been very favourably received by those to whom it is more especially addressed, and already the Grütli Society of St. Gall, at its general meeting, has passed the following resolution:—"This society earnestly protests against the decision come to by the meeting at Rapperschwyll. The Grütli Society is essentially Swiss, and only takes an interest in such questions as concern Switzerland, and, having no other object than the advancement of the physical and moral welfare of the Swiss people, it feels that in joining a foreign society it would gravely compromise its usefulness. The committee has called a meeting of the society to be held at Langenthal on the 24th September, but has decided that none but Swiss citizens shall be present or take part in the proceedings."

A BERLIN paper says the triumphal column which is to be erected on the Königsplatz will be finished, it is expected, within two years at the utmost.

THE *German Correspondent* understands that some time must elapse before the casting of the commemorative war-medals (which are to be made from the metal of captured French bronze cannon) will be completely finished, the Royal Mint being just now so busy with other work that not more than 7,000 medals can be produced daily. The breaking up of the cannon is carried on in the Royal Foundry, from which the pieces are taken to Borchert's establishment, where they are melted and rolled into narrow metallic strips, and despatched in this form to the Mint. As yet only the Guards and the Saxon corps have received their medals; the soldiers are all to be furnished with them before they are distributed to non-combatants.

THE report of an interview between the President of the French Republic and Prince Gortschakoff is unfounded.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Shanghai Courier* at Taku, who has hitherto been disposed rather to pooh-pooh the reports of Chinese warlike preparations in his neighbourhood, now writes to say that a moat is being dug round the forts, that two ships have arrived from Shanghai with an armament of heavy guns and ammunition, and that everything looks like preparation for war. Another gentleman informs us that in coming down river from Tien-tsin two days ago, he saw heavy guns being placed in position at the intrenched camp recently formed on the Peiho, some miles above Taku, so that the passage of the river is completely commanded by intersecting fires.

THE *Shanghai Courier* reports a terrible tragedy in Little East Gate-street. A Chinaman who carried letters to and from Soochow became deranged in mind. He seized a knife and cut the throat first of his wife, then of two of his children, and finally his own. His remaining child, the eldest, a boy of about nine years old, made his escape.

THE *Augsburg Gazette* reports a case of Asiatic cholera at Bremen.

THE correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* who is following the King of Spain in his three weeks' journey through the provinces telegraphed on Saturday:—"We started at 9 a.m. to-day, and reached Albacete at 6 p.m., where we shall remain for the night, leaving to-morrow for Valencia. We stopped at eighteen depôts on the way. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm of the people. Everywhere the King gained the sympathies of all by his affability, speaking to the very lowest and poorest, receiving petitions, and being cheered everywhere. His Majesty descended from the train at all the depôts where troops or volunteers were drawn up, passing them in review. Amongst our company were Gen. Cordova, Minister of War; Admiral Berenger, Minister of Marine; and other military and political functionaries. Senor Zorilla, President of the Ministry, left us at Aranieuz."

IT is reported that a general strike is about to take place amongst the miners of the steam coal district in Northumberland. The men at some of the collieries have given notice that they will leave work. The strike is for an advance of wages.

THE *Birmingham Post* says the 1st of September was anything but a success in South Warwickshire. Sportsmen toiled hard all the day, and returned home in the evening with bags almost empty—or at the best but half filled. Everywhere the partridges were extremely scarce, difficult to get at, owing to the quantity of corn still standing, and were wanting in plumpness. In many instances there were more old birds killed than young ones, a circumstance which recalls the gloomy forebodings of July, when the land was continuously sodden by incessant showers, and the young perished by hundreds. There are cheering reports respecting pheasants, which have been well hatched, and promise a good season, but hares are not so plentiful as was expected.

A DESPATCH from Rome asserts that the Italian Cabinet has undergone a modification; Signor Divincenzi has been named Minister for Public Works, Signor Ribbotti Minister of Marine, and Signor Gadda Prefect of Rome.

THE *Times* Paris correspondent says it appears p robable that during the suspension of the sitting of the Chamber the President of the Republic will personally ascertain the fitness of the position chosen for the future establishment of military camps, and that upon that occasion he will visit some of the great centres of France to inform himself of the exact situation of the country.

THE *Siècle* has an article upon the reception given in Ireland to the French deputation, in which it says that that occurrence has been a cruel deception to England. After the reforms introduced by Mr. Gladstone, she thought she had satisfied all the just demands of Ireland. She now finds that, notwithstanding the liberal measures she has passed, "Old Hibernia" remains as disaffected and disloyal as ever. Recent events, the *Siècle* thinks, have superabundantly proved that hatred towards England has never been more active than it is now in the hearts of the Irish. "Illusion is no longer possible," it adds; "Ireland is ripe for revolution, and all the concessions England can make to her will only delay the fatal *dénoûment*. It is a mere question of time."

IN the French Assembly on Saturday a member proposed that the House should adjourn on the 15th inst. to the 15th November. This was opposed by the Finance Minister, who urged members not to separate until they had passed the bills for the new taxes. The motion will be examined by the Committee on Tuesday.

MR. J. B. LAWES, of Rohamsted, Herts, estimates as follows the amount of wheat we shall require to import for the year:—Taking the home produce at 24 bushels per acre (of 61 lb. per bushel), and the area under wheat to be the same as returned for 1870—namely, 3,773,663 acres—the gross produce of the United Kingdom will amount to about 11⅓ million quarters. Deducting from this 2¼ bushels per acre for seed, we have left for consumption as food about 10¼ million quarters, leaving a requirement of over 11½ million quarters to be supplied from foreign sources.

HERRING fishing on the north-east coast of Scotland is nearly concluded. The catch for 3,000 boats at stations such as Helmsdale, Fraserborough, Peterhead, and the other smaller stations, may be estimated at about 300,000 crans, being somewhat under last year's catch, but above the average of five years. The catch at Wick, 900 boats, is the greatest for many years.

THE names of the Wahabees sentenced to transportation for life are Ameer Khan, Mobaruk Ali, Tobaruk Ali, Haji Din Mahomed, and Aminoodin. Hashmadad Khan and Peer Mahomed have been acquitted.

THE state of female education in the Madras Presidency, described by the Director of Public Instruction in his report, cannot, the Government observe, be regarded as hopeful, though the increase in pupils is about 13 per cent.

A *Ukas*, issued by the Emperor of Russia immediately after his return from Germany, is very characteristic, and it probably was not expected by the party which endeavours to show its Russian patriotism by attacking everything German. The Czar has instructed the Ministry of Education to see that the study of German shall take the priority of French in all public and private schools, and that more time be devoted to the study of the former than the latter language. The inspectors and school boards charged with the duty of carrying out this decree are to notice the results in their official reports. The *Neue Freie Presse* states that the Old Russian party, which formerly objected to all instruction in German, fully recognise the importance and wisdom of this measure.

THE mortality in Paris during the week ending the 2nd of September was 846. Thirty-five persons died from dysentery, ninety-one from diarrhœa, thirty-six from cholerine, and four from cholera.

A KIDDERMINSTER Volunteer on Saturday wagered to fire 100 shots consecutively at 500 yards' range, and to average centres for every shot, to do which he would have to make 300 points. He made forty-five bull's-eyes, forty-three centres, eight outers, and the other four shots were accounted for by one miss and three ricochets. His score thus amounted to 325.

WITH reference to the reported hurricane and earthquakes at St. Thomas, a correspondent writes:—"I received a telegram from St. Thomas, *viâ* Halifax, N.S., and I have seen three other telegrams from St. Thomas, but in none is mention made of any earthquakes at all; and instead of hundreds of lives lost, only about thirty were known to have been killed or injured; and instead of every house having been swept away or damaged, special mention is made that several houses belonging to me were all right. The telegram to Lloyd's only mentions one merchant vessel on shore—namely, the *Duke of Wellington*; and another telegram states that the steamships of the Royal Mail Company were all safe, though the said company had lost a few lighters and small boats, and sustained some damage to their provision stock, as the roof of their store (an iron one) had been blown off; however, the total loss would not amount to much over £1,000."

BERLIN, as yet free from the cholera (says a letter from that city), is fast being drawn within its deadly shadow. During the last few days fatal cholera cases have occurred at Dantzic, Elbing, Altona, Coblentz, Leipsic, and Vienna. In other words, the shores of the Baltic and the North Sea, the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, and the centre of Germany have been simultaneously visited. In addition to the localities just touched by it, the scourge continues to rage at Königsberg and in the neighbouring districts of East Prussia. At Königsberg about 140 persons are seized daily, of whom one-third succumb.

SEVERAL new works of an important character for the enlargement of the Euston station and increasing the accommodation in various departments, which have for some time been in progress, are just upon the eve of completion.

THE persons injured in the Stowmarket explosion are for the most part doing well, but some of them will lose their eyesight. The subscription now amounts to nearly £2,600, but more help is much required. Lord Rendlesham has subscribed £25; Mr. J. Tollemache, M.P., £25; and Mr. J. Berners, £50.

AT Skelmersdale, near Ormskirk, on Saturday, the wife of Mr. W. Philipson, perceiving a threshing machine at work in a field belonging to Mr. Dewhurst, went for the purpose of examining the machine, and, on going to the top of it, she fell into its mouth, and, before the men who were standing near could extricate her, the drum in its revolutions cut off her left leg above the knee. The dismembered limb passed through the machine, and came out completely minced.

A REPORT has been submitted to Government showing the net profits on the several railways in Madras for the official year 1869-70, from which it appears that the profits on the Madras railway amounted to rs. 30,70,123, on the G. S. I. Railway to rs. 3,00,154, and on the Carnatic Railway to rs. 8,120.

MM. NAFF, Zschokke, and Riggenbach, the engineers of the Rigi Railway, last week arrived at Interlaken, to examine the Scheinige-Platte, with a view to reporting upon the feasibility of laying a railway, on the same principle as that on the Rigi, to the top of this mountain, which is situated at the entrance of the Lutschinethal, near Interlaken, and from its summit (6,180 feet) one of the finest views in the whole of the Oberland can be obtained. There is probably no other peak from which the valleys of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald are simultaneously visible in their entire length, while the panorama embraces the whole of the Oberland range, from the Blumlisalp to the Wellhorn—the Jungfrau, Eiger, and Mönch, towering, in all their majesty, right in front of the spectator. There is already a good road to the inn near the summit; and the *Swiss Times* says it is believed that the project is perfectly feasible, and that, if it is taken up with spirit, the Oberland will be able to offer to tourists similar attractions to those which they at present find so great on the Lake of Lucerne.

ADVICES from the Persian Gulf, dated Bushire, 17th July, mention that the poor were still wandering about the streets of Bushire in a famished condition, and many were dying from starvation. Trade was at a perfect standstill, owing to the famine, and from the fact of most of the baggage animals having perished for want of fodder. The mortality among the Mogul population had increased considerably from the outbreak of cholera.

OAKEY'S WELLINGTON KNIFE POLISH.—Old knives cleaned constantly with this preparation bear a brilliancy of polish equal to new cutlery. Can be used with any kind of knife-board or knife-cleaning machine. Retail packets 3d. each, and tins 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. each. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London.

SILVER, ELECTRO PLATE, &c., TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE.—*Oakey's Non-Mercurial Silversmiths' Soap* is guaranteed to be free from mercury or any other injurious ingredients too often used in the manufacture of plate powder. Tablets 6d. each, by all grocers, ironmongers, brushmakers, chemists, &c. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London. [309

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—MR. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon-Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 428. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

CLERGY MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in 1829.
Office—No. 2, BROAD SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER.
TRUSTEES.
The Archbishop of Canterbury.
The Archbishop of Dublin.
The Bishop Sumner.
The Archdeacon of Maidstone.
Chairman—The Archdeacon of Westminster.
Deputy-Chairman—Robert Few, Esq.
Consulting Actuary—Samuel Brown, Esq.
Actuary—Stewart Helder, Esq.
Physician—Dr. Stone, 13, Vigo Street.
Secretary—Matthew Hodgson, Esq.

Total existing assurances	£4,912,205	0	0
Total annual income	198,314	2	6
Total funds	1,891,915	12	7
Bonus allotted to members at the eighth quinquennial division of profits	280,000	0	0
Bonus reserve fund	45,453	15	5

No agents employed, and no commission paid.

For the year ended 31st May, 1871, 426 proposals, assuring £353,345, and yielding in annual premiums £11,728 4s., were completed; and, notwithstanding the large reductions in the premiums made by bonus in every fifth year from 1831 to 1866, both inclusive, the fund accumulating for the purpose of meeting future claims was, after payment of all outgoings, increased in the year by £106,674 9s. 9d.

The Forty-Second Annual Report, forms of proposal, and the accounts prepared pursuant to the "Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870," may be had on application at the office personally, or by letter.

Clergymen and their wives, and the relations of clergymen and their wives, are invited to make life assurances in this Society.

THE SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's Fields. Instituted 1799.

Incorporated 1826.
Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
President.
His Grace the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
Vice-Presidents.
The Right Rev. Samuel, Lord Bishop of WINCHESTER.
The Right Honourable the Lord TEIGNMOUTH.
ROBERT S. HOLFORD, Esq.
Treasurer.
SAML. RICHARD BOSANQUET, Esq.
Bankers.
Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., 73, Lombard Street.

The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, after completing their pupilage, may be destitute of a home, or of parental support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, and, to some degree, productive work.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power to add an Asylum for the reception and maintenance of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, as well as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatsoever applicable to this desirable object; and the addition of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not limited the benefit of an Asylum to those blind persons who have been connected with the School. It embraces the Blind in general, among whom there are many more aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more necessitous.

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase of the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their designs capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

The power to benefit them is in that large-hearted English sympathy which is so ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to help and soften the afflictions of humanity, the exercise of which has for more than half a century so eminently characterised the support of the School for the Indigent Blind.

The Committee have contracted for the purchase of twelve acres of land at the Caterham Junction of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (fronting the line) for the site of the intended new Schools, and the addition thereto (if funds can be obtained) of an Asylum.

Proximity to the metropolis, facility of intercourse, and healthful conditions, induce the belief that the site will prove to be a very eligible selection.

Donations are therefore solicited, and will be received by Messrs. Bosanquet & Co., 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; by Mr. Grueber, 5, Billiter Street, E.C.; and by the Chaplain, the Rev. B. G. Johns, at the School.

All Cheques and Post Office Orders are requested to be crossed "Bosanquet & Co.," the Blind School Asylum Fund.

THOS. GRUEBER,
Secretary and Solicitor to the Corporation.
5, Billiter Street, E.C., August 25, 1871.

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

THE OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS
Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,
The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds; each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps. [283
Chief Depot—131, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING.

HEAD OFFICE: 133, West George Street, Glasgow.
LONDON OFFICE: 8, Moorgate Street, E.C.
Chairman—ALEXANDER CRUM, Esq., of Thornliebank.

ABSTRACT FROM REPORTS OF 1870 AND 1871, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager*.
May, 1871. [370

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE

Is noted for making a most invigorating, vitalising, and refreshing draught, that has proved the best preventive of SMALL POX, and Headache, Sea or Bilious Sickness; it quickly cures the worst form of Eruptive or Skin Complaints, and the various diseases arising from Constipation, the Liver, or Blood Impurities, Inoculation, the results of breathing air infected with Fevers, Measles, or other and contagious poisons, *are Cured and Prevented by its Use.* Sold by all Chemists and the Maker. In Patent Glass Stoppered Bottles at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s. and 21s. each. NOTICE MY TRADE MARK, AND BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C. [37

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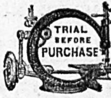
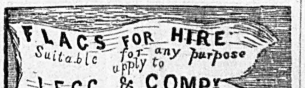


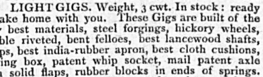
MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Machines on Hire.
T. S. TONGUE,
Sole Agent,
3, BULL STREET,
BIRMINGHAM [426



MR. J. SWINSON,

DENTIST,
SOLIHULL.
Attendance daily. Hours, from 10 till 6. [80

FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA, at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.
Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234



FORDER & CO.'S CELEBRATED LIGHT GIGS.

Weight, 3 cwt. In stock: ready to take home with you. These Gigs are built of the very best materials, steel forgings, hickory wheels, double riveted, bent felloes, best lancewood shafts, lamps, best india-rubber apron, best cloth cushions, driving box, patent whip socket, mail patent axle with solid flaps, rubber blocks in ends of springs. Price £31 10s. nett. Warranted twelve months.—CARRIAGE WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON. [150

Now Ready, Price One Shilling.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for SEPTEMBER.—CONTENTS.

1. The Valley of Poppies. By the Author of "Christopher Kenrick" and "The Tallants of Barton." Chapters XIV.—XVII.
2. To the Author of "Songs Before Sunrise." By Robert Steggall.
3. Drums and Trumpets: A Recollection of Lyons before the War. By Charles Kent.
4. By the Ring-Side. By Asteroid.
5. On the Comic Writers of England. By Charles Cowden Clarke. No. IV. Swift.
6. Reflections in a Stall. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A.
7. Come Down to My Mexican Seas. By Joaquin Miller.
8. Bygone Celebrities. By R. H. Horne. No. IV.
9. Among the Dogs at the Crystal Palace.
10. Sir Walter Scott as a Poet. By T. H. L. Leary, D.C.L. (Oxon.)
11. Up and Down the Road. By Alexander Andrews.
12. Table Talk. By Sylvanus Urban.

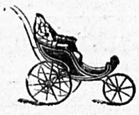
W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13, Waterloo Place.

BOWATERS' PRIZE ARTIFICIAL TEETH

defy all Competition for NATURAL APPEARANCE. MASTICATION, ARTICULATION, and COMFORT. Teeth fixed from 5s. per Tooth, including all charges.

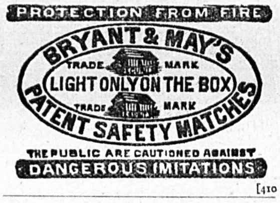
W. BOWATER, Surgeon Dentist, &c., 142, Broad Street, Birmingham.

BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 Stamps. [57



LLOYD & CO., 157, ISLINGTON, BIRMINGHAM.

Patentees and Manufacturers of Perambulators, and Bath Chairs of every description.
Wholesale and Retail. [269



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PALFREY'S, 4, BULL RING, BIRMINGHAM.

JEWELLERS' & PAWNBROKERS'
CELEBRATED WINDOW MARKS.

An Endless Variety of Stationers', Tobacconists' and Fancy Trades.

WINDOW
TICKETS
FOR ALL
TRADES

First-class Tickets for Birmingham and Sheffield Goods.

China and Glass Warehouses, Grocers, Drapers, and Outfitters. The most effective and cheapest ever produced.
Largest variety in the world from 6d. the gross. [138

CORNS AND BUNIONS.

— A Gentleman, many years tormented with Corns, will be happy to afford others the information by which he obtained their COMPLETE REMOVAL in a short period, without pain or any inconvenience.—Forward address, on a stamped envelope, to F. KINGSTON, Esq., Church Street, Ware, Herts. [238

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE.

Weekly. Price 6d.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE:

An Educational Record and Review. Weekly. Price 6d.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE:

AN EDUCATIONAL RECORD AND REVIEW.
Published every Saturday on Fine Paper, 32 pp.
Price Sixpence.

CONTENTS OF NO. 29.

The School Boards:—Meetings of Boards throughout England and Wales.

Contributed Papers and Letters:—Public Education in Switzerland. No. VII.—Scheme of Work. By W. Hepworth Dixon.—Legal Education. By John Baker Hopkins.—The British Association. No. III.—Miss Becker on the Employment of Women and the Education of Girls.—Schools in New Zealand.—Education among the Mormons. By J. E. Ollivant.—The Spelling Difficulty in Primary Schools. By E. Jones.—The Spelling Difficulty. By T. Birkett.—Shorthand. By J. B. Rundell.—Merthyr and the Payment of Fees in Denominational Schools.—The Remission of School Fees.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GOSSIP OF THE SCHOOLS.

REVIEWS:—German Philosophical School-Literature. No. II.—Recent Poetry.—The Stage, Past and Present.—The Manchester Readers.—Educational Subjects in the Quarterlies.—Miscellaneous Notes.

Vol. II. Now Ready, price 8s. 6d., Handsomely Bound in Cloth, post free for 9s. 6d. Covers for Binding, 2s. 6d. each. Portfolio for Single Copy, 2s.

GRANT & CO., 102, Fleet Street, E.C.

AT MUDIE'S AND ALL LIBRARIES.

REMINISCENCES OF MARK LEMON.

This day is published in cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d.

WITH A SHOW IN THE NORTH.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

Together with Mark Lemon's last Song, his revised text of Falstaff, and Portrait in Costume (Reprinted with additions from the *Gentleman's Magazine*).

London: WM. H. ALLEN & CO., 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.

ALEXANDRA PALACE AND MUSWELL HILL ESTATE TONTINE.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

—A Charming Palace, with about 500 acres of beautiful Land (Freehold), within a radius of six miles only from Charing Cross.

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—The advantages to Subscribers of One Guinea and upwards are fully detailed in the Prospectus, and Subscribers incur no liability, and must benefit.

ALEXANDRA PALACE AND MUSWELL HILL ESTATE TONTINE.

ISSUE OF CERTIFICATES.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Arrangements have been made through the undermentioned agencies for the sale of certificates, and in a few days a full list will be announced, stating where the public may make application in the local districts and country towns.

AGENCIES:
Metropolitan Railway Stations—Willing and Co.'s Book Stalls.
North London Railway Stations—W. H. Smith and Son's Book Stalls.

Great Northern	Book Stalls at the Railway Stations.
Midland	
North Western	
Great Eastern	
South Western	
Brighton and South Coast	
London, Chatham, and Dover	
South Eastern	
Great Western	

The Bankers and Brokers of the Company will also receive applications for certificates, viz.:—

London and County Bank and Branches; City Bank and Branches; Messrs. Walker and Lumsden, 9, Old Broad Street, E.C.; and Messrs. Huggins and Rowsell, 1, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

THOS. DIXON, Secretary,
5 and 6, Great Winchester Street Buildings, E.C.
[472

MIDDLESEX CONSERVATIVE REGISTRATION ASSOCIATION.

—Conservatives who have received NOTICES of OBJECTION to their CLAIM to come on or remain on the Register of Voters for the county of Middlesex, are requested to SEND such Notices to the undersigned, when their title to vote will be defended, free of expense, by

WOLLASTON F. PYM, Agent for the County.
No. 6a, Victoria Street, Westminster.

COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX REGISTRATION.

—1871.—Notice is hereby given, that James Newton Goren, Esq., the Barrister appointed to REVISE the LIST of VOTERS for Knights of the Shire to serve in Parliament for the county of Middlesex, will hold Courts for that purpose at the following times and places, taking at the respective Courts the lists for the parishes and places hereunder mentioned or referred to, that is to say:—

At the Chequers Inn, Uxbridge, on Monday, the 25th of September, at 12 at noon, for Cowley, Harefield, Hayes, Hillingdon, Ickenham, Ruislip, Uxbridge, West Drayton.

At the Black Dog, Bedfont, on Wednesday, the 27th of September, at 12 at noon, for Ashford, Bedfont, Cranford, Feltham, Harlington, Harmondsworth, Laleham, Littleton, Shepperton, Staines, and Stanwell.

At the Enfield Arms, Enfield, on Thursday, the 28th of September, at half-past 11 a.m., for Edmonton and Enfield.

At the Court House, Edgware, on Friday, the 29th of September, at 11 a.m., for Edgware, Finchley, Great Stanmore, Harrow, Hendon, Kingsbury, Little Stanmore, and Pinner.

At the Vestry Hall, Bancroft Road, Mile End Road, on Tuesday, the 3rd of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the polling district of Mile End.

At Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead, on Wednesday, the 4th of October, at 11 a.m., for Hampstead and Willesden.

At the Lords Justices' Court, Westminster Hall, on Thursday, the 5th day of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for Lincoln's Inn and the parishes and places within the city of Westminster.

At the Town Hall, Church Row, Bethnal Green, on Friday, the 6th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the polling district of Bethnal Green.

At the Windsor Castle, Hammersmith, on Tuesday, the 10th of October, at 11 a.m., for Chiswick, Fulham, Hammersmith, St. Luke Chelsea, and St. Mary Abbott's Kensington.

At the Castle Inn, Brentford, on Friday, the 13th of October, at 11 a.m., for New Brentford, Heston, Isleworth, Twickenham, Twyford Abbey, and so much of the parish of Ealing as lies within the Ecclesiastical Districts of St. Paul and St. George, Old Brentford.

At the Vestry Hall, King's Road, Pancras Road, on Saturday, the 14th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the district assigned to poll King's Cross, or within half a mile thereof.

At the Court of Queen's Bench, Guildhall, in the city of London, on Monday, the 16th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the city of London.

At the Red Lion Hotel, Hampton, on Wednesday, the 18th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for Hampton, Hampton Wick, Hanworth, Sunbury, and Teddington.

At the Viaduct Inn, Hanwell, on Thursday, the 19th of October, at half-past 11 a.m., for Acton, Great Greenford, Hanwell, Norwood, Northolt, Perrivale, and so much of the parish of Ealing as is not included in the Ecclesiastical Districts of St. Paul and St. George, Old Brentford.

At the Bell and Hare, Tottenham, on Friday, the 20th of October, at half-past 11 a.m., for Tottenham.

At the Railway Hotel, Hornsey, on Tuesday, the 24th of October, at 11 a.m., for Friern Barnet, St. Mary Hornsey, Monken Hadley, and South Mims.

The lists will be taken at every Court in the order in which they stand in the Register.

RICHD. NICHOLSON, Clerk of the Peace.
Sessions House, Clerkenwell, September, 1871.

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Printed by Grant & Company, at 72-76, Turnmill Street, and Published by them at 102, Fleet Street, London, E.C.—Saturday, September 9, 1871.